CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

15c
APRIL 21, 1962

WAR AND THE PEACE

Three-part report to Canada

Psychochemical weapons
THE NEW SCIENCE OF NONVIOLENT WAR

NORAD
WE HAVE NO DEFENSE AGAINST MISSILES

Disarmament AND THE Pentagon



Command post
NORAD
Colorado Springs



How nuclear detectives get their men—by the hair

Two Canadian scientists are leading an investigation that promises to make atomic reactors as vital as fingerprint catalogues in crime detection. One of them, working with the RCMP, has identified a murderer by proving through radioactivity that a hair clutched in a dead girl's hand came from the suspect's head.

The "atomic fingerprint" works this way: everyone has a slightly different chemically from everyone else's, just as everyone's fingerprints are different photographically. But two hairs from the same person are virtually identical. By bombarding in a reactor a hair "found at the scene of the crime," the scientists can make most of its elements radioactive. And with geiger counters and other instruments can analyze its chemical structure precisely—all without destroying the evidence. Then the hair can be matched against one from a suspect or any number of suspects until a similar one is found. The same method can be used to analyze the finest of blood stains.

Eventually, the scientists feel, they'll be able to tell police which factory and even which batch of metal a bullet came from. They'll be able to find traces of poison and tell where the poison originated. By matching paper and ink they may be able to detect forgeries. And the test procedure is simple enough to give an answer within 24 hours.

The reactor bombardment is the key to their method. In it, the bulky elements — carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen — do not become radioactive, but the three elements which differentiate one person's hair from another's do. The test can detect as little as one millionth of a gram of the most elusive element, or one ten-trillionth of an easy-to-spot one (28.35 grams equals one ounce). Swedish scientists have even applied the test to hair from Napoleon Bonaparte and concluded that he died not of cancer, but of arsenic poisoning.

So far the Canadian tests have been limited to human hair and opium. Because of the difference in opium-raising soils in different countries, the source of a batch of the drug can be traced through its chemical structure. One type of Indian opium, for instance, is heavy in potassium, but light in sodium. Japanese opium is strong in zinc and tin.

The scientist-criminologists who are carrying on these tests are A. K. Perkins, a Ph.D. student financed by the Ontario attorney general's crime laboratory, and Dr. R. E. Jervis of the chemical engineering department of the University of Toronto. Their atomic bombardments are carried out at McMaster University in Hamilton.

Although neglect analysis has helped to convict one New Brunswick murderer (John Jacob Vollman, who killed his 16-year-old girl friend), Perkins and Jervis are not pressing for its further use in court until they have perfected their methods. They feel that the technique might be handicapped for future use if the courts ruled it unacceptable in its present state. "The very far out so far," Jervis says. Vollman, whose death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, probably doesn't think so.

GEORGE PYKE

WATCH FOR

SUPER SERVICE at a luxury hotel soon to be opened outside Washington, D.C. There will be a butler on each floor. Assistant managers, not bellhops, will carry bags. Guests will receive messages on their headed "While you were out."

PRAIRIE SHRIMPS. Manitou Lake, a lake near Watrous, Sask., that, like times as salty as the ocean, is the home of brine shrimps, tiny crustaceans which, with their microscopic eggs, are highly valued as food for tropical fish. A processing plant has been built and fisheries experts think the lake can produce 5,000 tons a year without endangering the future yield.

FREE COFFEE in hotel and motel rooms, brewed by the guest at bedtime or on waking up, on a small hotplate. A Calgary firm supplies one-cup packages of instant coffee, cream and powdered milk. Proprietor Harry Auld hopes to interest business firms, as well as motels, in a possible method of ending mass coffee breaks.

WARNING DEVICES attachable to a car's dash that beep when the car approaches a radar speed trap, giving the driver time to slow down. Outlawed in some parts of the U.S., they're still legal in Canada, but each one must be licensed by the Department of Transport. The department sends a record of licensees to local police departments, just in case.

THE SILVER PIKE, a new Canadian game fish that has begun turning up in lakes in western Canada and the U.S. It has all the family traits of the northern pike—including the ability to thrive in supervised hatcheries — but is slightly different in coloring. The new fish is deep blue on the sides and white or the belly. The flanks are sometimes flecked with gold.

PROFILE: top man at our first teacher factory

Fifteen years ago Dr. T. H. W. Martin carried a typewriter with giant letters into a Grade 1 classroom in Toronto and invited the children to punch out their spelling words on it. The rush was so heavy that three teacher had to hand out numbered cards, and the class eventually became the best spellers in the city. On another occasion, when Martin lured that a Grade 8 class of slow learners were having trouble with their music, he showed them how to make a "xylophone" of maple syrup jugs, partly filled with water and hung in a row by the handles, with the notes of the scale marked nearby. Soon every child knew his notations and the class went on to make drums from cheese boxes.

With this bias toward teaching aids, it was natural that Martin should be one of the first Canadians to take an interest in what has come to be known as programed learning. He could see a big future for the little machine that offered to teach Johnny his hour lists and leave the teacher free to expand her role as "inspirational leader and opener of new avenues of thought." Unfortunately, the courses that went into the little machines were all made in the United States and some of them Martin thought were poor.

Martin therefore quit his job three years before retirement age (he was Toronto's superintendent of public schools) and in December 1961 set up in business as Associated Programming of Canada Ltd. APC is the only Canadian producer of programed learning and the first company anywhere Martin believes to develop courses for elementary pupils. Most U.S. firms concentrate on secondary school subjects but Martin believes programed learning will be more effective if children start with it earlier.

His first program therefore drills with elementary mathematics. Besides teaching basic skills like addition and subtraction, it introduces the terminology of modern mathematics whenever it comes in a natural context. Words like "setter" and "set" are frequently used, to start youngsters thinking in fundamental terms.

In the next school year the mathematics program will undergo a practical trial. Ned McKeown, a Toronto teacher working on his doctoral thesis, has arranged to test programed learning against traditional teaching among Grade 4 pupils in several Ontario cities including Ottawa, Toronto and London. School boards will provide the classes and Martin will supply machines and programs. APC is also working up programs in spelling, reading and high school Latin.



Martin machines give the facts

Some educators maintain what Martin calls "a very healthy skepticism" toward teaching machines, but he feels this is bound to disappear as the machines demonstrate that they can drill facts into young minds more efficiently than human teachers. He sees wider uses for them in remote rural areas where schooling is difficult, in upgrading the educational standards of unemployed adults and in run-of-the-mill courses like chess, bridge, etiquette, English usage and interior decorating.

Dr. Martin regards his new interest as merely an extension of his teaching career. With $20,000 and a year of his retirement invested to date, he expects to be kept hopping for another 20 years. "There's a fascination about running a business that's amusing in strictly educational circles," he says.

DOROTHY SANGSTER

For home gardeners, summers are getting longer

The oldest joke about Canada's climate (we have nine months of winter and three months late in the fall) is gradually being pushed into the discard by the ingenuity of horticulturists and seed merchants, who have a commercial interest in seeing home gardeners kept busy 12 months a year. To enrich our 1962 growing season, they offer such developments as these:

■ A new Kentucky bluegrass, called Alta C-L, that never goes dormant, doesn't brown out, and except in the coldest zones stays green under the snow. Around Vancouver and Victoria, where winters are mild, it's expected to grow (and need cutting) around the calendar. In the rest of the country it could mean better greens for golfers in the early spring and late fall.

■ A new spray called Wilt Pruf, that protects plants from loss by winter kill, transplanting shock, summer scald, and dry weather. It dries on the plant to form a transparent protective film that extends the safe season for transplanting. It also preserves the freshness of cut flowers and Christmas trees, and stops needles from dropping.

■ Fluorescent lamps of a new type that supply both light and heat, making it possible to have a greenhouse without sunlight. Indoor gardeners can use shielded carts with lamps in overhead canopies. The new lamps promise quicker germination, stockier seedlings, faster rooting of cuttings, bigger and healthier plants, and better flowers.

As usual, some gaudy new flowers will be introduced this spring. One is a hybrid tea rose (the most fragrant in a decade, named Halloween) its huge blooms (six to seven inches) contain all the autumn colors — bright orange and yellow combinations, mixed with pink and edged with brilliant red. There is an orange-scarlet grandiflora, too, called Wild Dance, whose petals have an attractive velvety sheen in addition to dazzling color.

Three new gladioli have earned 1962 All America ratings. Ben Hur has rose-pink flowers with fancy ruffling, and the ability to produce perfect spikes time after time. Horizon has large recurved florets of rose-lavender. Trumpeter, at 26 buds per open flower, has fifty orange flowers with exquisite ruffling.

The best of the new shade trees is the Red Tipped Moraine Ash. It produces clusters of white berries with bright crimson tips.

Among garden gadgets, there's a cordless clipper that takes most of the frustration out of trimming hedges. It operates on a lightweight power pack that fits inside the handle and is shockproof so that dangerous needn't be a deterrent. And a new picket-fence edging made of fibre glass has the white color molded clear through so that it never needs painting, never fades and doesn't rot or rust. It flexes and bends to follow a curving pathway or detour around a tree.

JOHN BRADSHAW

COMMENT

EDITORIAL: Why we won't join the blockade to starve Castro out of Cuba

CANADA'S TRADE WITH CUBA has probably aroused more anti-Canadian feeling in the United States than anything since the days of "Fifty-four Forty or Fight". Many other countries have also refused to join the American boycott of Castro's communist island, but Americans single out Canada for special resentment, and with reason. Not only has Canadian trade with Cuba increased more than anyone else's, but it is also of peculiar importance to the Castro regime. Cuba runs on American type machinery, and Canada is by far the easiest, and in many cases the only, source of replacement parts outside the U.S.A. To a large extent, therefore, Canadian trade is what prevents the Cuban economy from breaking down, and thereby frustrates American policy.

Obviously this is a serious matter. The cousinly friendship of Washington is one of Canada's most valued assets, and few Canadians have any sympathy for communists in general or Castro in particular. Why then do we persist in this pro-Castro, anti-American policy? And why, stranger still, are we virtually unanimous in supporting it, as much in Roman Catholic Quebec as in radical Saskatchewan?

One reason, of course, is the normal Canadian sensitivity to any interference with our foreign policy. We don't like being told what to do. In this case there's an added bitterness, perhaps because of certain resemblances between Cuba and Canada. Both countries are, or were, economic satellites of American industry. A large part of Castro's offense was expropriating without payment the properties of U.S. corporations. If Canada should some day adopt policies displeasing to the Americans who own most of our industry, would we too become the target of an American boycott? The thought is remote, and may be far-fetched, but it is not absent from Canadian minds.

A second and stronger reason, though, is that the United States boycott seems to us a foolish, self-defeating policy. By Washington's own admission it has not been effective; has done Castro little actual harm. But meanwhile it has done him one immense service. It has provided him with an excuse for the shortfalls of his own communist regime. He can, and does, blame his failures, quite plausibly, on the sinister machinations of the American capitalist-imperialists.

But even if the boycott were as brutally effective as Castro says it is, and as Washington seems to wish it were, we think Canadians would still be against it. Canadians, so far as we know, don't wish to punish other nations for adopting any form of government, even communism. Canadians hope that all free nations will be able to remain free, and that those who are the captives of an intolerable status quo can free themselves instead of going communist. This is what we all hope they will do. But that's a far cry from declaring that they *must* do so, on pain of starvation by blockade.

MAILBAG: Footnotes to the war against von Braun / How to fight municipal corruption

After reading with great interest The war against von Braun by Terence Robertson (Mar. 24), I would like to quote the following passage from Churchill's memoirs [Closing The Ring, page 234]: "... one day a rocket fell on the bank of the River Bug and did not explode. The Poles got there first, rolled it into the river, waited till the Germans had given up the search and then salvaged it under cover of darkness. This dangerous task accomplished, a Polish engineer was picked up by a Royal Air Force Dakota on the night of July 25, 1944, and flown to England with many technical documents and more than one hundred pounds of essential parts of this new weapon. The gallant man, A. Kocjan, returned to Poland and was later caught by the Gestapo and executed in Warsaw on August 13, 1944." Before the war Adam Kocjan was a well-known designer of gliders and planes. When Poland was overrun by the Germans in 1939, he was head of one of the research sections of Polish Army Air Intelligence. At the beginning of 1943 Kocjan learned about the activities at Peenemünde. He sent a special team from Warsaw to investigate. Polish agents returned safely from the Reich with interesting data, even with photographs. These enabled them to draw up a map which was sent by the secret courier to London.—ADAM JAWORSKI, OTTAWA

★ I was always of the impression that had she been a man a knighthood and a handsome pension would have gone to the young woman who had directed a missile pad on a photograph of Peenemünde. All she saw was a tiny ramp, but it was enough to give warning to the High Command. To have given her credit would not have detracted from your article on Mr. Kendall.—ERIC ARTHUR, CHARLOTTETOWN, P.E.I.

Cunningham Babington-Smith was in the "bomb division" at Medmenham and what she spotted was actually a ramp with a V-1 on it. For her work with the A.C.P.U. she was made an M.B.E. and was also decorated by the United States government. She has written a number of books among them Evidence in Camera but Canada and the Air Spy, dwindling him experiences at Medmenham.

Graft vs. theft

I do not understand why Alan Phillips uses the $4,000,000 stolen daily from U.S. and Canadian employers as a comparison with the widespread graft he reports (A modern memoir of Nevin corruption, Mar. 10). If an employee is caught stealing any appreciable amount, he not only loses his job but receives a jail sentence to boot.—W. H. MORTIMER, PORT PERRY, ONT.

★ If our laws are too weak to convict people for this type of "discovery" at least it may bother the conscience of some of the individuals who have had their names disclosed in public print. In my opinion they are no better than common thieves.—M. C. SMITH, WINDSOR, ONT.



Alan Phillips actually contained two statements that were incorrect.

One was a reference to William Grahnor former chairman of the City Township whose name was grouped with that of certain Reuss Ewed Hall and Harold Linden. All three men were charged with conspiracy both and all three were acquitted. In the article said the judge directed the jury to acquit on the indictment because a permit supposed to have been paid for had been passed by criminal two days before the alleged bribe took place. The Court of Appeal for Ontario ordered a new trial which [which has now been] appealed to the Supreme Court of Canada. This statement is correct only of Hall and Lindsay William Graham was tried before a different judge and jury. He was acquitted by the jury and the acquittal was not appealed.

The other misstatement concerned the trial of Arthur Mason of Kingston, Ontario, on charges of perjury, before Frank Boyer, then mayor of Kingston and Thomas Audre, then a member of Kingston's Public Utilities Commission. Alan Phillips' summing up the case ended with the words "further accusation both the accused." In fact there was only one accused, Arthur Mason, who was acquitted on both charges after two jurors, Frank Bruce and Thomas Audre, were witnesses for the Crown. Neither was accused of any offence, and Mr. Bruce's regrets any implication to that effect that may have been conveyed by the sentences as of the word both."

The responsive press

Your editorial of Feb. 24 ("How the new magazine proposals have been misrepresented") accuses United Press International of falsifying Prime Minister Diefenbaker's announcement of the Canadian government's proposed legislation to control Canadian advertising in American magazines sold in Canada. Your charge is that we "narrowed" the announcement in the words quoted in your editorial. That is incorrect. The announcement was carried in many more words than those you selected and our story was accurate when read as a whole. Your editorial quoted only one paragraph out of thousands of words United Press International carried on this story. When that paragraph was viewed in our wires, the qualifying phrase containing admissions aimed primarily at the Canadian market was inadvertently dropped in transmission. But succeeding paragraphs accurately summarized Mr. Diefenbaker's announcement. Reading the whole story one could not possibly draw your conclusion that this was, in the words of your editorial, "hard to accept as a mistake, in good faith".—THOMAS C. MORGAN, MANAGING EDITOR, UNITED PRESS INTERNATIONAL, MONTREAL

Ed. note: We don't agree that the original UPI story was "accurate when read as a whole". It is true however that after non-editorial input to press UPI did send out a corrected story with a note drawing editors' attention to the previous error.

Machines vs. people

My wife and I, a speech therapist and a teacher respectively, neither holding university degrees but being, rarely highly intelligent throughout, well and properly educated people from Britain, were appalled by Sidney Katz's article, Some of Johnny's best teachers are machines (Mar. 24). He mentions grade ten and eleven students taking calculus and five- and six-year-old children reading at the grade two level. Are these some latter day wonders to be greeted with twenty gun salutes? I took differential and integral calculus at fourteen; my wife could read at four.

We are frightened by the way in which the attitude, quite unwittingly we believe, pinpoints the terrifying little and hopes that our schools are becoming. Practically no one has any sense of direction or purpose — least of all the teaching staffs. As for the students, they attend primarily because they are legally compelled to; they scratch around in the dust for passing marks and finally they leave with a feeling of frustration and misery.—WILLIAM AND KATHLEEN STRATFORD, SASKATOON

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 6





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CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE APRIL 21 1962 VOLUME 75 NUMBER 8

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Stan Hall in Sudbury this winter to record the showdown in a long, often violent war for control of 17,000 workers. Here's what happens to a small city when two big unions choose it for a battleground

HOW PHOBIC FEAR MAKES MONSTERS OUT OF MOLEHILLS — Catherine Jones 34

About 2,500,000 Canadians are regularly terrorized by things as common as cats or birds, as unavoidable as streets or crowds. Why? One psychoanalyst says: "It's easier to be scared of elevators than to recognize your own tensions"

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The Liberals' [illegible] trust has only two members—a lawyer and a professor—but they're a new kind of woman politician. They're abandoning the sewing circle and living for votes in the factories and on the back farm

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Porter called in six hundred prominent non-buses to find out what's wrong with the man whose eloquence has power to clear the fullest house in half an hour. His conclusion? Buses are simply "full of people"

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MAILBAG

continued from page 2

Postscript to civic corruption: the $20 telescope

Are kindergarten rhymes the fare for 10 year olds?

The report on municipal corruption is provocative and timely. At the same time, I would suggest that it is unfair in the comment it makes with regard to Mr. P. B. Stroyan, who until recently was the Parks Board Superintendent in Vancouver for many years. You refer in his having purchased for $20 a telescope valued at $200. This very unintentionally misrepresents the case. The telescope purchased by Mr. Stroyan was many years old, and whilst it had according to the Vancouver Sun an original value of $200, it had been valued at $10 and this value had been established before Mr. Stroyan paid $20 for this piece of equipment. I think it will agree that this places the transaction in a very different light from that which an uninformed reader might gather from reading your magazine.

I happen to be chairman of the Lower Mainland Parks Advisory Committee and am well informed on the full issues which were involved when an investigation was made of the operation of the Vancouver Parks Board in 1960.—R. B. SPRAY, VANCOUVER.

✏ Your article on municipal corruption was most interesting, also horrifying.—H. MORGAN, LASCELLES.

✏ Allen Phillips splendid coverage of municipal corruption leaves me with a horrible feeling of unease. We have all read accounts of these happenings often uncomfortably close to our own doorsteps but never possibly aware of how widespread the rot in our society has become. The most striking sentence was the final comment on Mr. Leslie Frost who seems likely to go down as one of the most talented administrators in provincial affairs in the first hundred years of Canadian history. That a man in his position could defend the stinky brigand-man in the gas line mess and describe them as honest decent men, while he fattened his guns on Mr. MacDonald who had sponsored corruption at ministerial level and condemn him as "abominable unsavoir and a pig in a trough" is inexplicable. We are both in a bad way if this is the thinking of provincial leadership levels.—WILLIAM J. HART, LONDON, ONTARIO.

The welcome nightmare

I am writing to thank Barbara Moon for her splendid article on the welcoming immigrants (Feb. 10). It gives me great pleasure to see the whole nightmare adventure so well written up and to have the first news for twenty years—and such good news—of so many old friends and acquaintances. I was one of the immigrants in Canada by SS. Ulimaroa in July, 1948. My duty of the voyage was published not long ago by Lord Beveridge in his book, Dilemma of Free Learning, and I spent two months behind barbed wire in Quebec and Lindsay. I was in the last shipment back to England. After the war I had a reading party brought out to Australia where, over the years, I have met many of those who were shipped to Australia rather than to Canada and about whom a story is due to Barbara Moon's could be told. One of them is my colleague the professor of philosophy at this university.—W. ARNOLD, AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, CANBERRA.

The boiling point

In High Plains incredible had only been twenty miles. I waited in vain down but my blood is still boiling. If Mackenzie's still truly Canadian or is it not? I would like to know before getting another subscription.—H. WALTERS, VICTORIA, B.C.

Million thou shouldst be living

I have just read the article in Bandstand about Mrs. Mattinson's battle with the education system. If the school won't teach Johnny, do it yourself. March 24). I very much share what I have found in my own experience.



—It may seem that a parent's concern is nothing but an ignorant one in the eyes of a paid teacher, regardless of the fact that the parent may have had a better education than the teacher.

I recently visited my son's school during Education Week and listened to those 9- 10- and 11-year-olds singing and reciting. I should not have worried about hearing any of this from my six-year-old daughter and her classmates but to listen to my 9½-year-old son reciting "The man in the moon has a ball on his car" was too much. After two years I was thrilling into the Gold in Treasury and learning parts of real poetry by gems of poets such as Milton and Keats. At what age I wonder do these children learn the kindergarten behind.—MRS. FIONA FARNSHAW, MISSISSAUGA.

More of Marika?

Mr. Templeman's on Marika Rettich's story (Around the world on a pinkaan hunt) in your March 24 issue. Keep up this sort of thing, chaps, and I might just might subscribe to your book!—W. T. STONE, MONTREAL.

Two cheers for the Queen

Congratulations to Mr. Telesphore Richard (Mailbag, March 24) who wrote, "Quebec people are too sane to give up loyalty to the Queen and to Confederation for chimeras made by Dr. Chapdelaine, Le Devoir and some of French descent not happy with their wife." I thank you sir.—THE SALVATION ARMY, England, who said, "The salvation of England is the salvation of the whole country." Thanks to the generation of our civil and religious freedom and everything we value in this life.—MRS. MARY WHITE, TORONTO, ONT.

Continued on page 8



A HANDFUL OF EARTH THAT MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

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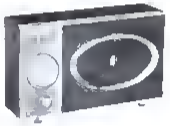
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Why there can't be "complete control" of forests

What's news? It depends on what country you're in

Mention is made (The pedigreed forests of the future, Feb. 24) of yellow birch forests reverting to sugar maple forests. There is no such thing as a pure or almost pure yellow birch forest. Yellow birch is always a more or less important component of a sugar maple—yellow birch or sugar maple beech yellow birch forest. An yellow birch seedlings have different ecological requirements and are less competitive than those of the two associates. The stands must be treated in a particular way to ensure proper representation of yellow birch in the future stand, nothing more. As regards planting, or actual sowing of cultivars or brains, let me point out that seedlings of northern tree species do not need to be "specified" in the warm south. This can be done in northern local nurseries. That "exterminating every seed-eating creature in an area" is a practical impossibility and to my absurdity and that there are much safe of eating seeds with natural and insect repellents that have proven successful in the U.S.A. It is also absurd to state that from seed obtained from grafts in seed orchards young flowering trees can be raised. Also I do not know of one ecologist who sees the necessity of "complete control" of natural forces in the forest. Every people get worthy of the name know that is impossible. Efforts are made only to "channel" the forces of nature with slight side pressures here and there. As for the Grand Mere plantations they are thirty years old and the surviving trees vary from ten to forty feet in height. Finally the reforestation in Europe is misleading. The Europeans have tried to replace low-yield hardwood forests with plantations of soft-wood of greater economic value. The first generation of trees has been a success in most cases but the second seems to be not quite as good, though by no means "stunted and not much good for anything." Close observation of this phenomenon has sounded the alarm of the right time and some foresters are changing their approach to reforestation.—GUY J. CARBEUX, RF, SEARCH FORESTER, SILLERY, P.Q.

Geography and the news

Most of your editorial comments I find apt, constructive and well presented. Particularly so in my opinion is the editorial in your Feb. 24 issue. (How the new magazine proposals have been misrepresented.) My experience has been particularly in the last two or three years that such misrepresentation is by no means confined to occasional instances or specific subjects. On the contrary it seems to me that a few syndicated agencies—some of them formerly of high repute—follow a deliberate nationalistic American policy on practically all subjects to a degree that makes many of the "news" with serious suspicion. A striking example was illustrated to me the other day when a high school class studied the news as presented by newspapers throughout the world on one particular day and I was allowed to view their sources. A review of these papers is remarkable in that most American and Canadian news is identical for many items naturally UPI, Reuters and similar agencies being principally involved. British papers show distinct differences on the same subjects, and French and other non-English language papers even greater differences. I fear we are rapidly losing true freedom of the press as I see and understand it. The competition and ubiquity of so-called "expert correspondents" was sharply put into focus for me when I viewed that deplorable questioning and review of Mr. Khrushchev two years ago, your being in my opinion the sole objective and constructive individual contribution—aside from Mr. K!—ROBERT J. HUGUET, BONDAS, ONTARIO

Mother's best teacher

I read with interest Some of Johnny's best teachers are machines (Mar. 24). We recently purchased a Min Max machine and I am currently learning German. As a homemaker with three boys



aged 2 1/2 years, 3 1/2 years and 6 months, I have little time to sit down with a correspondence course. However with the machine I can easily "run through" 10 to 20 lessons whenever I have a few minutes. In your article you state "A teacher in Alert Bay, B.C., after experimenting with a hundred mentally retarded children reports..." This sentence implies that the experiment was done in Alert Bay. The population of that community is approximately 1,600. It is highly unlikely that 100 of even the total population would be mentally retarded. The total school population is about 400 which makes the ratio of 1 in 4 even more unlikely.—MRS. L. BUSKOP, COURTENAY, B.C.

The figure of 100 was reported by error in a background paper distributed to participants in a Canadian Teachers' Federation seminar at Ottawa. The Alert Bay teacher, W. C. Hardcastle, says he has tested his machine on "a small number of pupils, not all retarded."

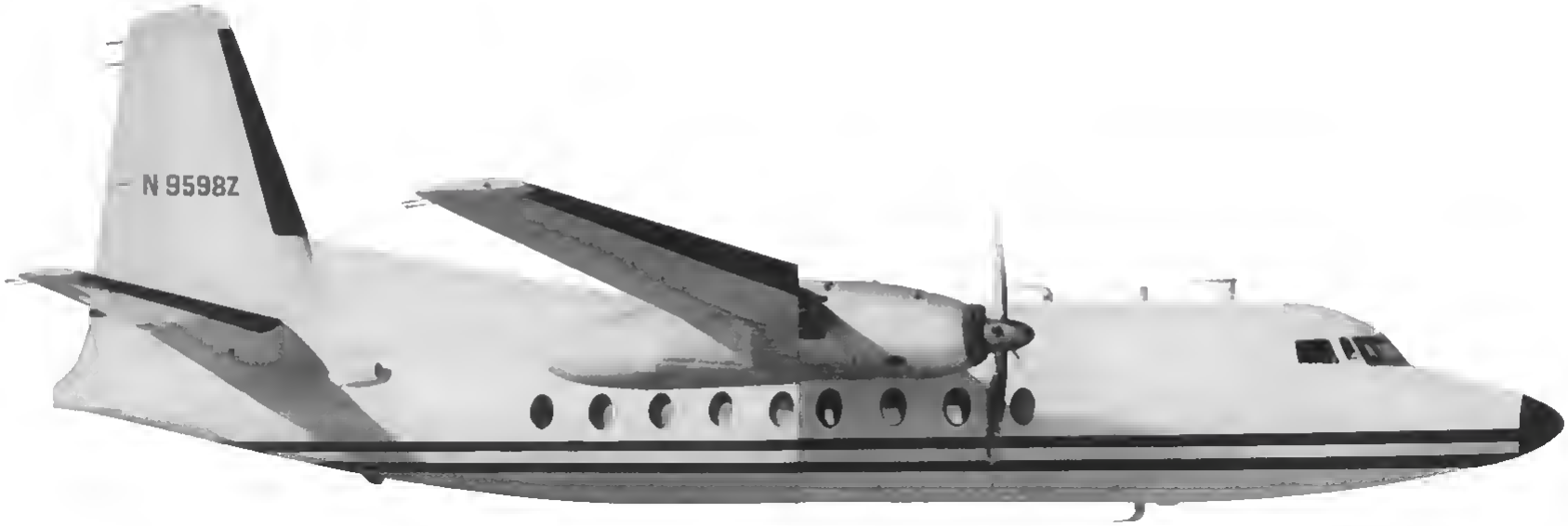
No hope for Quebec?

Let's have more interesting articles like The war against von Braun (March 24) and less garbage about Quebec and its people who, like the OAS in Algeria, are fighting a lost cause.—VERNON CHARNETSKI, PRELATE, SASKATCHEWAN

The square pioneer

Under the heading Watch For (March 10) you list square classrooms which are going to save expensive corridor space. You evidently missed a scoop in 1958 when we built a square classroom school for Meadowvale just outside Toronto.—M. I. IRWIN, HANAS, IRWIN & PEARSON, TORONTO ★





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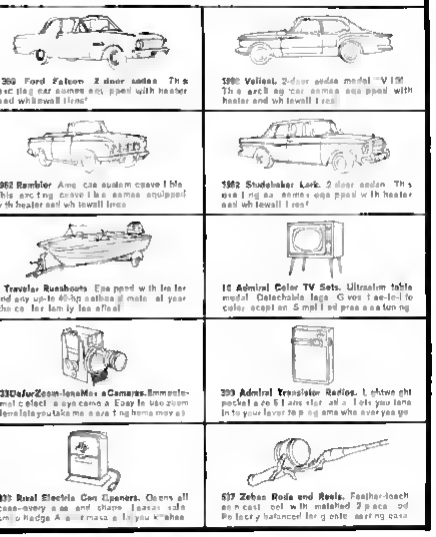
You don't have to buy anything to enter. Just tear out the special entry form that's bound into your copy of this magazine. Finish the jingle and fill in your name and address. Then take it to your favorite service station, dealer or garage for a free spark plug check and dealer validation. It's as simple as that!

Contest opens April 16—closes May 27. Winners will be notified about July 31. Trip can be taken any time during the following 12 months. So don't delay . . . drive in and ask for your free spark plug check and complete your entry blank *today*!



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WAR AND THE PEACE

NUCLEAR STALEMATE is nearing its end. The balance of terror, which has kept the world in a kind of peace for a dozen years, is about to be upset.

New weapons are one thing that will upset this balance. A whole new range of weapons will be developed in the next few years that may change the very nature of warfare — the so-called psychochemical weapons that attack not the enemy's cities nor the bodies of his soldiers, but their will to fight. One such arm, now being tested, will literally make a cat run from a mouse.

But on the Soviet side another new development is also threatening to break the nuclear stalemate — the development of a defense against the intercontinental ballistic missile. Soviet scientists boast that they have one already. Allied intelligence analysts don't believe this claim, but they don't think it's wholly groundless either — if it's not true now it will, they think, soon become so, sooner than our side can hope to make a similar breakthrough. Our side has no defense against the ballistic missile, either actual or anywhere in sight, except the threat of retaliation which has been our defense all along. If the Russians do achieve an antimissile missile, this strategy will no longer work.

In this critical time the West is doing two things. One is to maintain, at a level of expense and efficiency never before equaled, our defense against the known and actual threat that we would face if war were to come tomorrow. The other is to examine, with a realistic thoroughness that hasn't been shown before, the chances and implications of disarmament. On the following four pages Maclean's presents an account and analysis of this crisis of war and peace.

WAR AND THE PEACE — 1

By Maclean's associate editor



FIRST OPEN SURVEY OF PSYCHOCHEMICAL WARFARE

SIDNEY KATZ *reports on the most secret weapon in the arsenals of both East and West — "the mind poisons." Their purpose is conquest without slaughter, and already some military leaders are calling them "humane"*

Of all the new and fearsome ways of waging war — the H-bomb, the missiles and the lethal nerve gases — the greatest secrecy surrounds a group of weapons known as "the psychochemicals," compounds that can make a healthy man temporarily go crazy. Unlike nuclear and high-explosive weapons, the psychochemicals, in the words of Maj.-Gen. Marshall Stubbs, chief of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, "confuse the enemy's mind and break his spirit rather than destroy his body." Because the psychochemicals are less destructive than nuclear bombs, many military leaders I spoke to believe that it is now possible to wage a "humane" war, a view which Norman Cousins, the American writer and editor, describes as "a painful commentary on the human situation of our time."

Many of the psychochemicals are odorless, colorless and tasteless. One of the problems now occupying military scientists is how to distribute the chemicals among the enemy. With modern technology, however, they will undoubtedly discover — or have discovered — a way of delivering the drugs in solid, liquid or gaseous form over large areas. The psychochemicals can incapacitate for lengths of time ranging from a few hours to several days. They can totally demoralize the finest body of troops by producing confusion, exhaustion, deep despondency, extreme exhilaration or incoherence. They can cause hallucinations and delusions and distort a man's sense of space and time. They can cloud a brilliant commander's ability to make sound decisions, a soldier's ability to respond intelligently to a command. "The bravest soldier can, temporarily, be turned into a coward," says Maj.-Gen. Stubbs. Battalions of disciplined, seasoned soldiers who had been dosed, would meekly surrender and laughingly allow themselves to be herded into the stockades. By spreading certain chemicals in aerosol form or in the water supply, the entire civilian population of a city could be deprived of the will to resist. They would welcome the invader with open arms. Testifying before a U.S. House of Representatives committee, Maj.-Gen. W. M. Creasy, former chief officer with the U.S. chemical corps, said, "We have drugs that could set you congressmen dancing jigs on the desk or shouting communist speeches."

These "off-the-rocker" drugs — as they are referred to by the military — make it impossible for the soldier to perform the exacting tasks of modern warfare. He can't aim or fire a gun, operate radar, land a jet plane or pilot a ship. To further incapacitate an able-bodied soldier, there is another group of closely related chemicals known as "on the ground" agents which primarily attack the body. They can temporarily impair vision and hearing, they can induce nausea and vomiting and can cause complete paralysis for as long as twelve hours. "Soldiers must think, see, hear, stand, lie, move and calculate time and distance to manipulate weapons and tools," says Lt.-Col. Walter Miller Jr., of the U.S. Marines. "If they can't, then a military unit becomes a disorganized group of individuals who can't take or give orders."

While everybody who has access to it boasts about the destructive power of the H-bomb, there's a strange reticence among generals about chemical warfare. They're aware that the public has a deep distaste for gas weapons of all kinds. This stems from the horrors of 1915 when the Germans unleashed a surprise attack of chlorine gas against Canadian and French troops in the Ypres salient. As a result, the major powers — with the exception of the United States — ratified the Geneva Protocol of 1925 which banned the use of chemical and germ gases in future conflicts.

However, the current military view is that the advent of superbombs — both nuclear and otherwise — has changed matters. Many military leaders claim that biological and chemical weapons, particularly the psychochemicals, are a relatively humane way of fighting a war. "The public's attitude is emotional and unrealistic," says Dr. A. H. Zimmerman, chairman of the Defence Research Board in Ottawa. "With enough education people would pray for this kind of warfare." Maj.-Gen. W. M. Creasy, former chief of the U.S. chemical corps, told me that, in his view, it is now possible to wage a war virtually without property damage or death. "You can use biological and chemical weapons in planned phases," he says.

This is such a battle plan. First, the enemy's food supply is destroyed by the use of bacteria aimed at his crops and livestock. This is followed by a germ offensive which would cause thirty CONTINUED ON PAGE 40

WAR AND THE PEACE — 2

By Maclean's Washington editor



DISARMAMENT AND THE PENTAGON

IAN SCLANDERS *finds one sign that disarmament prospects are improving — Americans are taking it seriously enough to study its effects. But set against this is "overwhelming resistance" by industry and generals*

As the delegates to the Geneva disarmament conference knuckled down to their task, the majority of people in the United States presumably hoped they would succeed. But at the same time a minority were afraid of what the success of the negotiations might bring.

Some of this minority were officers of the missile-rattling type; some were industrialists with defense contracts; and some were the "rather-be-dead-than-Red" right-wing radicals. But most were ordinary Americans who have jobs in plants that make weapons or who live in communities that either depend on such plants or on the money put in circulation by military bases.

The fact is that defense has become such an enormous business in the U.S.—$53 billion in the current year or roughly ten percent of the gross national product—that if relations with communist countries suddenly improved the U.S. would have great difficulty sustaining the defense effort without precipitating a slump. Yet, ironically, this effort is gobbling up man power and materials that could be used to improve living standards, not in the States alone but in underdeveloped lands on the receiving end of foreign aid.

The problem of how to get out of the arms race if and when the international climate grows better is so serious that President Kennedy has set up an Arms Control and Disarmament Agency headed by William C. Foster, a prominent Republican who was chosen with the idea that his party affiliations would give him political immunity.

Foster not long ago received the first of what will be a series of reports. It was prepared by a panel with Emile Benoit, associate professor of international business at Columbia University, as its chairman. It stated:

"While the Soviet government has recently conceded that the United States and other western nations could disarm without major permanent ill effects to their economy, this is by no means obvious to public opinion generally, either at home or abroad."

The establishment of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency is one more indication of the mounting feeling in the U.S. that it must grapple with disarmament sooner or later. John Jay McCloy, who has headed the World Bank, been U.S. high commissioner to Berlin, and drafted the law that brought the disarmament agency into being, has given three reasons for this feeling.

1. That U.S. and the Soviet Union both know a nuclear war could destroy civilization. McCloy says bluntly that anyone who thinks he would benefit from a nuclear war is crazy and that Nikita Khrushchev is far from crazy.

2. Both the U.S. and the Soviet Union are having their resources drained by the arms race. McCloy points out that the unfulfilled needs of the U.S. and Russia are huge and the needs of other countries are unlimited, but that they cannot be met while so much wealth is being poured into weapons.

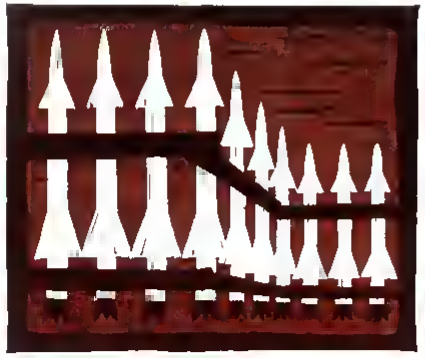
3. The U.S. and the Soviet Union each thinks time is on its side. Each country says McCloy, has a firm faith its own system will triumph if war can be avoided, so that the thrust is toward peace.

Knowledgeable politicians and diplomats in Washington who regard disarmament as inevitable note among other things that Khrushchev and Kennedy both want disarmament, although each wants it on his own terms. When Dwight Eisenhower was president Khrushchev complained to him that when the U.S. spent gigantic sums to develop new weapons Soviet military leaders and scientists allowed him no rest until he voted them comparable sums. He made this identical complaint to President Kennedy who reportedly was impressed by Khrushchev's desire to concentrate on giving his people more goods, which he can't do while so much is going into arms.

President Kennedy at the United Nations, expressed his view in these words: "Today every inhabitant of this planet must contemplate the day when this planet may no longer be habitable . . . the weapons of war must be abolished before they abolish us. . . . The mere existence of modern weapons—ten million times more powerful than anything the world has ever seen and only minutes away from any target on earth—is a source of horror and discord and distrust."

Yet, no matter how sincerely Kennedy wants disarmament, it would be harder for the U.S. to disarm than it CONTINUED ON PAGE 75

By Maclean's Ottawa editor



THE LAST DAYS OF NORAD

PETER C NEWMAN *finds that "Total war not only is still possible, but actually is becoming increasingly probable," and that the Soviets may already have the weapon that makes our elaborate defense system an anachronism*

Geograp has made Canada not the U S or the U S S R the front line of World War III Yet most Canadians have managed to convince themselves that the uncomfortable but bearable East-West stalemate of the past fifteen years can be maintained Both of the cold war's protagonists according to this theory have grown so decisively powerful and the consequences of nuclear war have become so grotesque that neither side would dare risk a shooting showdown

After a recent tour of Canadian and American defense establishments and conversations in Ottawa Washington and Colorado Springs with the frankly worried men responsible for the defense of this continent I've come to the conclusion that this type of wishful reasoning bears little relevance to the facts of the present military situation Total war not only is still possible but actually is becoming increasingly probable

The East-West armaments stalemate that has existed since 1945 still exists but it's about to be broken The new factor disturbing the world's military equilibrium — and disturbing it decisively — is the fact that Russia may be very near to mastering the antimissile missile while the West seems almost to have given up hope of ever being able to field such a weapon

Integrated into a nation's defense network the antimissile missile represents a military breakthrough that could tip the balance of terror which has so far staved off a nuclear war The nation which first possesses this weapon will be free to attack its enemies without fear of serious retaliation Russia's acquisition of the system would cancel out the equality which now exists between communist and Western offensive missile capabilities

The possibility that Russia may already have an antimissile missile first emerged during a speech by Soviet Defense Minister Rodion Malinovsky to the twenty second congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union in Moscow last fall The problem of destroying rockets in flight has been successfully solved," he flatly declared to the prolonged applause of his audience

Western scientists are sceptical about such boasts but they've satisfied themselves that last year's Russian rocket shots in the Pacific at least included preliminary tests to prove out laboratory work on a weapon of this type The Americans are planning to test their own prototype Nike-Zeus—the only antimissile missile project currently in the works—this summer But U S Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has still not decided against producing the weapon because of its many technical hings No amount of money he admitted recently "can make possible an absolute defense of this country against the intercontinental ballistic missile"

The problem of designing an effective missile killer is the toughest yet handed to military scientists The exact size of the warheads on Russian missiles isn't known but American intelligence estimates the biggest of them is no larger than an office desk That's the dimension of the projectile — rushing out of space toward its target at a speed of twenty thousand miles per hour — that the antimissile weapon must attempt to destroy To be of any use the defensive system must stop nearly all incoming missiles It must be able to distinguish between decoys, meteorites space junk and the real thing — all inside the five minutes of the missile's parabolic descent

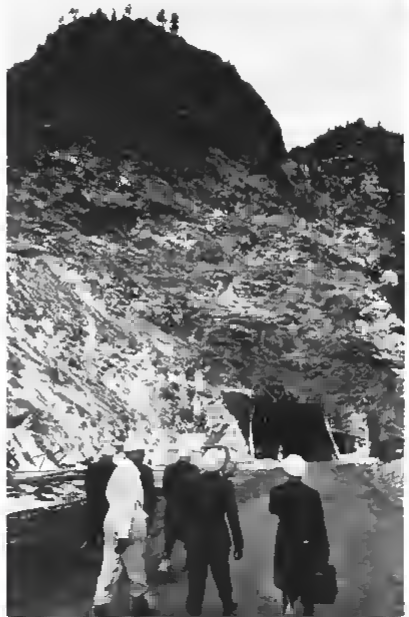
The Americans are becoming so desperate in their search for a way to kill enemy missiles that they're looking into the possibility of skipping the stage of the antimissile missile and concentrating instead on a counterweapon against it—a sort of antimissile antimissile One idea that was actually considered in the Pentagon involves detonating several 100 megaton hydrogen bombs above the U S just before a Russian attack This would envelop the nation in a wall of flame which might melt missiles trying to penetrate it.

Some USAF strategists class the antimissile missile as being so close to an ultimate weapon that they've been advocating an attack on Russia before communist scientists can perfect the weapon Despite increasing pressures for such a "preventive war" the idea of hitting Russia first appears to be gaining few American adherents, outside the country's rightist political movements and that minority of Air Force generals belonging to what one Washington

CONTINUED ON PAGE 63



NORAD—"the most expensive force ever committed solely to defense"—is commanded by Canadian Air Marshal Roy Slemon (above) when USAF general Laurence Kuter is absent from Colorado Springs Below, Maclean's Newman with tugboats inside and outside NORAD's $66 million Combat Operations Centre Under construction within a mountain, the centre is three stories deep under 1400 feet of granite It might even withstand a direct hit by an H bomb

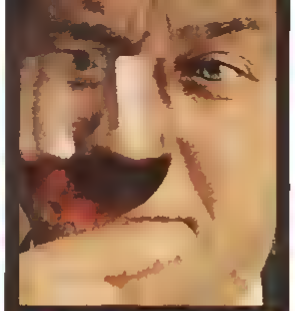




WHAT WINE SNOBS DON'T KNOW ABOUT WINE

To find out, Maclean's overseas editor journeyed intrepidly to southern France, land of champagne cellars and the world's most pampered grapes. Then, perhaps even more intrepidly, he invited four of the world's most loquacious epicures to lunch—rare wine snobs who may even know what they're talking about

BY LESLIE F. HANNON
PHOTOS BY JOHN SCHMIT









WITH WINE-BIBBING on the increase over most of the civilized world — champagne exports increased eleven percent last year — the curious social neurosis of wine-snobbery is starting to spread like the flu bug. It's a nonfatal affluent society kind of outbreak like the Twist. It's hard to define, impossible to stamp out and so insidious that you're showing symptoms your self before you notice it.

Not long ago I was in the pleasant white town of Epernay in the heart of France's champagne district, where a wine snob can get debunked faster than anywhere else. The best debunker in Epernay is a Scottish lass named Moira Campbell who's worked nine years for the world's biggest champagne firm, Moet and Chandon. One Sunday morning I went with Miss Campbell to the very monastery at Hautvillers where it was first discovered that white wine, allowed to ferment a second time in the bottle, imprisons gas in the liquor and makes it sparkle like crazy. (Moet and Chandon has owned the monastery for two centuries.) A cracked bell was sending its echoes over the Marne and across hillsides of the most pampered grapes in the world, and Miss Campbell was exploding a wine myth every second.

Champagne is *not* made from white grapes—it's made from black ones, and the pigment is in the skin.

Champagne grapes flourish in a relatively cold climate. (Most of populated Canada is further south than Epernay or Rheims.)

Each bottle of champagne is *not* lovingly corked by gentle hands — machines do it, whacking out 12,000 bottles an hour.

There's no natural difference between champagne *brut* (very dry or sharp) and champagne *doux* (sweet)—it all depends on how much cane sugar is added.

What about the word "vintage" which wine snobs drop with such a clang? It simply means that the wine of a vintage year was considered so good by the expert tasters that it was not blended as usual with wines of other years. Naturally you pay more for it because there's less of it. But Miss Campbell told me that not one Frenchman in a thousand could tell the difference between vintage and nonvintage champagne in a blindfold test.

I took my pilgrimage to Epernay soon after the Russians announced they could make perfect champagne in three weeks instead of the traditional three years. Abel Mollard, chairman of the committee that rules the French champagne industry, sneered at the Soviets and said the French could do it in eight days — if they wanted to. "You put wine, sugar and yeast in one end and fizz! — wine comes out of the other," he said with all the scorn he could muster. When these views were put to me, I was sitting in an eighteenth-century chateau with a baluster goblet of eight-year-old vintage champagne scintillating in my hand and the contents of another unpronounceable invite me. I found myself nodding in comfortable agreement. But later, dining in my shuttered hotel room, I teed up to the facts. (1) champagne is a lizzy wine with sugar and yeast in it. (2) the Russians *do* invent things, including rockets that actually reach the moon.

Certainly France and champagne have always gone together—like ham and eggs as far as I am concerned. But if I were given a glass of Russia's instant bubbly and a glass of France's best in a blindfold test, how would I make out? Would think the chances would be fifty-fifty but the sneaks who think up this kind of test just might fill *both* glasses with true champagne. Would I know? Would you?

Right there, I grudgingly admitted, I was showing the first symptoms of wine snobbery. It was like turning forty and admitting you're never going to get back in shape.

I decided to try at least to isolate this embarrassing virus.

My dictionary says a snob is a person who cares too much for rank, wealth or position. It doesn't dare a separate definition of the wine snob. Now, after the months of research for this article, the boring wine listings, the dull champagne suppers, the dusty travel to the French, Spanish and German vineyards, I have discovered some of the reasons why. One of them is that the wine-snob bug, like the amoeba, constantly divides.

When a reporter thinks he has the main branches catalogued he runs into a couple of new types. For instance, I recently met a silent bowler-hatted man, umbrella over elbow, who drinks his after-office pint of beer in one of Henekey's vaulted wine cellars in London and simply by gazing at the oaken barrels of amontillado behind the bar CONTINUED ON PAGE 72



Tear gas halted this ruckus at Sudbury Arena last fall. One Mine Mill faction had tried to ban another from a meeting, with CLC and Steel executives

SUDBURY: The city that lost a war between unions

Police quelled this outing, and charged nine, but hecklers disrupted the meeting that it was called off



No matter which of two international unions won this winter's long and vicious war in Sudbury, everybody knows who was the first loser. As one union leader put it, "It will take a miracle to overcome the hatred in Sudbury"

BY DAVID LEWIS STEIN

THERE WILL PROBABLY never again be a labor struggle quite like the union war fought in Sudbury this winter. It began as a division among the 17,000 members of the largest union local in Canada and ended by frightening and dividing a city of 80,000. It was a conflict of ideas, men so far right they can be called fascists fought communists while moderate unionists in the middle fought both extremes and each other, too. It was a conflict of loyalties: coworkers, friends, and even families divided and fought. And, because of the kind of place that Sudbury is, it was a war of particular passion and bitterness.

Sudbury is built on top of a basin-shaped body of some of the richest ore in the world. The city is a pinwheel of modest brick and stucco subdivision bungalows shooting off from a prosperous downtown hub of department stores, loan companies, movie theatres and small hotels with swollen beverage rooms. The city's prosperity rests upon the 17,000 union men who work for hourly wages in the Falconbridge Nickel Mine and the seven mines and two smelters of the International Nickel Company. Their union is, or has been, the International Union of Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, one of the last two big Communist-led unions in Canada. This winter Mine Mill finally faced a showdown with the United Steelworkers of America for labor CONTINUED OVERLEAF

SUDBURY *continued*

power in Sudbury. In February I moved to Sudbury to make a record of the showdown.

In 1949 Mine Mill had been expelled from the old Canadian Congress of Labour and its jurisdiction had been awarded to Steel. For thirteen years the two unions had battled each other in isolated mining camps across northern Ontario and western Canada, but as long as Mine Mill held the loyalty of the 17,000 members of its local 598 in Sudbury — more than half the union's Canadian membership — Mine Mill could not be destroyed. Last September Steel came to Sudbury to raid Mine Mill's local.

MINE MILL BROUGHT HIGHER WAGES, BUT ...

Under Ontario labor law the mechanics of a raid are quite simple. If he can, the raider signs up and collects a dollar from forty-five percent of the resident union's members. During the last two months of the resident union's contract with the company, the raider applies for bargaining rights for the men covered by that contract. The board then holds a hearing to listen to both unions present their cases. But the board can and usually does order a prehearing vote to determine what the workers want. This fall Steel was raiding Mine Mill locals at Inco's Port Colborne, Ontario, and Thompson, Manitoba, operations and at Falconbridge in Sudbury, but the hard core of Mine Mill's strength was the block of 15,000 workers at Inco's Sudbury operations. At the end of November Steel applied for bargaining rights for the Inco workers. At the beginning of February the Ontario Labor Relations Board ordered that a vote be held at Inco on the last two days of February and the first day of March. A few days after the dates of the vote were announced I arrived in Sudbury.

I found the city bristling with signs of the union war. On every street corner there seemed to be at least one billboard advertising Steel. (I later learned that Steel had leased twenty billboards, although local advertising men had advised that the saturation figure for the area was thirteen.) On walls, restaurant tables and cars I saw small stickers saying such things as Mine Mill is *My* Union and Only Inco Wants Mine Mill—Nickel Workers Want Steel. The downtown crowds seemed to be evenly divided between men, women and even some children wearing yellow and black Steel buttons or red, white and blue Mine Mill buttons. In the Sudbury Star I read full-page ads from both sides and on television I watched both sides make nightly reports and propaganda pitches.

Walking the streets and listening to as many people as would talk to me — and there were many who would not — I learned that just about everyone was frightened by the union war. The chief of police was afraid of violence and kept a number of constables in plain clothes — he wouldn't tell me how many — stationed in hotel beverage rooms in case trouble broke out. It had, the Saturday before I arrived, and several hotels closed down their beverage rooms early in the afternoon. The editor of the Sudbury Star was afraid of offending subscribers, and told me he did not intend to write any editorials endorsing either side. The mayor was afraid of losing votes. He was a union man himself on leave of absence from Inco for his term of office. He said he intended to vote in the union war but he had no comment to make on which union he intended to vote for. The businessmen were afraid of a strike. Instead of talking about what their union could get from the company, the workers were quarreling about what they could get from their union. The merchants were afraid the union that won might be forced to strike in order to make good its promises. The clergy were afraid of communism but they were more afraid of being accused of meddling in union affairs. Catholic priests were under orders from the bishop to say nothing about union affairs, and most Protestant ministers kept silent voluntarily. Nonunion citizens had good reason to fear being caught on the wrong side of a union war. Mine Mill's roots in Sudbury are deep and strong. Before Mine Mill came in, working conditions at Inco were appalling. There are still hundreds of miners in Sudbury who tell stories of the days when there were always three shifts at Inco — one getting hired, one working and one getting fired — and men stood for hours in the snowdrifts waiting to go down into the mine. When Mine Mill signed its first contract with Inco in 1944 miners were earning 81¢ an hour. Now they get $2.33¾ an hour. To most rank and file members of Mine Mill, any outside attack on their leaders is simply "red baiting."

In fact, though, there are many clear connections between Mine Mill and the communist party. Harvey Murphy, the president of Mine Mill's western district and the man generally considered to be pulling the strings in Sudbury, was a member of the communist party until 1957 when he quit for "the good of the union." William Longridge, the secretary-treasurer, was once a communist party member in Alberta. Ray Stevenson, the educational director, ran as a communist candidate in Timmins in 1949. Mel Colby, now on the staff of the Mine Mill Herald, was formerly with the Canadian Tribune, the official communist weekly in Canada. All these men now say they have no political affiliations. But they have consistently opposed any attempt to insert into their union constitution a clause that would bar communists from holding executive office.

IT ALSO BROUGHT COMMUNIST AGENTS

There were probably never more than 200 communists in local 598 at any one time. But during the peak years of their power — from 1952 to 1958 — they formed an effective political machine and no one could hope to hold office in the local without their support. A turnout of 100 to a union meeting was exceptional during those years and the communists, with their allies, were able to siphon union funds into such communist front causes as the Canadian Peace Congress, The Canadian Tribune, The World Federation of Trade Unions and the Canadian Soviet Friendship Society. In 1955 the local sent $11,000 to the U. S. to pay for defense of Mine Mill leaders accused of conspiracy in filing affidavits that they were not communists.

But communist influence in Mine Mill was always confined to the leaders. The communists made little

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KENNETH SMITH, *national president, Mine Mill*



JUDY RE VETH, *public relations, Mine Mill*

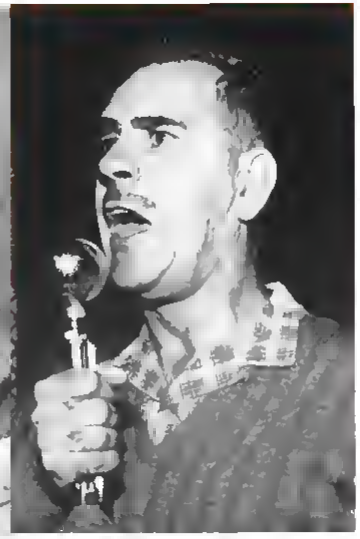


BILL LONGRIDGE, *secretary-treasurer, Mine Mill*

Who is against whom e battle for 17,000 men: above, Mine-Mill; below, Steelworkers



ONTARIO "TERRY" MANCINI, *Steel's head organizer*



JIM ROBERTSON, *CLC [illegible] Sudbury*



JOHNNY BEAUDRY, *staff organizer, Steel*



HOW PHOBIC FEAR MAKES MONSTERS OUT OF MOLEHILLS

About 250,000 Canadians have irrational and frequently paralyzing fear of ordinary things like cats, birds, fire hydrants or simply the street they've always lived on. They have phobic fear — "the neurosis of childhood" — and, while most can be cured, some are lost. "they can do nothing but sit in a chair in the exact centre of an empty room"

BY CATHERINE JONES

WHEN IT THUNDERS in Port Arthur, Ontario the fifty year-old mother of a grown family pulls all the blinds down, unplugs the television, radio and refrigerator, and locks herself in her bedroom to pray that she will not be struck by lightning. A civil servant in Ottawa drives a couple of miles out of his way twice a day to avoid crossing a bridge. A middle-aged Winnipeg lawyer, overweight and beginning to worry about his cholesterol level, nevertheless *pulls* up four flights of stairs to his office rather than take the elevator. An Edmonton woman has not ventured out of her house alone in fourteen years because of the neighborhood cats.

These people suffer from a disease known as phobic fear. They are possessed by anxieties which are out of all proportion to the real dangers of the situation, and which periodically interfere with their otherwise normal lives to a major or minor extent. In extreme cases the interference can be much greater. "I have seen cases," says Dr. Henry Durost, a psychiatrist in private practice and on the staff of Verdun (Que.) Protestant Hospital, "where phobic patients can literally do nothing but sit in a chair in the exact centre of an empty room. This represents the end of the road for this type of patient."

Fear itself is not a disease. It is an inborn protective instinct that has helped the human race survive. A mental and physical response to danger that conditions the individual to escape or counterattack.

Fear becomes phobic—often to the extent of being a crippling disability that requires treatment — when it takes the form of a 'front' for more serious inner conflicts.

"Phobic fear," says Dr. Henry Krawitz, a psychoanalyst on the teaching staff of Montreal Jewish General Hospital, "is an externalization of an internal fear. It's easier to be afraid of being alone than to deal with your own aggressions; easier to be afraid of the dark than to face your anxiety over your sexual conflicts, and easier to be terrified of elevators than to recognize your own mounting tensions."

What is the extent of the disease among Canadians? Is it increasing? These are not easy questions to answer, because many victims and their families still regard it as an annoying or even endearing eccentricity rather than as a serious disability that requires treatment. Some observers believe that phobic fear is increasing, a product of the modern age of anxiety" with its nuclear threat and its high-speed competitive way of life. But psychiatrists maintain that phobic fear is an age-old condition which is simply more often recognized and diagnosed as man learns more about his mental processes and problems.

Estimates of the number of phobic fear victims in Canada are based on the expectation that one person in ten will require some kind of psychiatric treatment during his or her lifetime. Of those ten to twenty percent — or roughly a quarter of a million Canadians — will be afflicted by anxieties that amount to phobia.

SOME CHILDREN NEVER THROW OFF FEAR'S DICTATORSHIP

How does phobia begin, and how is it possible for an otherwise intelligent person to develop an uncontrollable terror of such essentially harmless objects as birds or cats or fire hydrants, or such everyday situations as walking down the street, driving in a car, or taking a journey?

Often phobia begins in childhood. Almost everyone at some time experiences phobic fear, even if it's only the urge, on a crack, break your mother's back variety. It is so common in children that it has been called "The neurosis of childhood." Most children fortunately work themselves out of their fears or outgrow them. But the ones who can't, and who are not helped to do this are destined to carry over into adult life an ever growing burden of fear which will become more and more unmanageable until in the end they may become literally the slaves of their phobias.

(Phobias sometimes start late in life, usually in connection with other mental disturbances. A little old lady, hospitalized for years at Verdun, Que., developed a phobic fear of germs and spent most of her days making face masks for the other patients. The rest of her time she devoted to knitting little jackets and trousers for the hospital mice because, as she loudly complained to the doctors, "The temperature in this building is a *disgrace*.")

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HELLO, BROADWAY!



or, How I broke into New York show business, dazzled the agents, discovered a showcase, and went straight to the bottom

By Patricia McDonough

A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO I decided to try my luck on Broadway.

At the first agency I visited I mentioned that I was from Canada. The receptionist rushed me into the office of the top man. He looked me over. "Yes," he said, "you do look a little like Gisèle MacKenzie." This resemblance meant mostly that I was wearing my hair in bangs. We had a long chat about the state of the theatre but he had nothing that suited my talents at the moment.

Full of confidence I continued my rounds of the agents. In each dingy office my announcement "I'm from Canada" had the same magical effect. After a number of agents had thrown Gisèle MacKenzie's name at me, I got the impression that New York theatre people regard Canada as a small town upstate where everybody is related to Gisèle and went to school with Christopher Plummer, Donald Harron, Paul Anka, William Shatner and Bob Goulet. The agents seem to have developed the theory that any Canadian might turn out to be a million-dollar ethcat.

I hoped I would and had typed out what I thought was a fairly impressive dossier on myself: four years in Hart House productions, BA with honors in speech and dramatic arts, two years in summer stock, a major part in the Martin Year pageant at the Toronto Coliseum, sketches written for Spring Thaw and enough assorted comedy roles in TV and radio, clubs and revues, to yield one prized clipping: "Unique cutie personality" — Herbert Whittaker, Globe and Mail.

More important, I had saved enough money to survive for a year or more if necessary. And so I became one of the two thousand out-of-towners who every year join the thirteen thousand registered — but mostly unemployed — actors and actresses in New York City.

I found this an exciting atmosphere, but after several weeks of enthusiastic receptions by agents happy to meet a Canadian, I still didn't have a part. When I complained of this to one agent, he said: "Get yourself an agent."

"You're an agent," I said.

"I can't handle any more clients," he answered quickly. "Besides, you'll have to do what everybody else does. Get yourself a showcase so the agents can see you work."

A showcase. That turned out to be the key word in the whole agonizing process of trying to gain a foothold in New York show business. A showcase, as I learned, is almost literally any place — from a church hall in the far suburbs to a cellar coffee shop in the Bowery — where an actor or group of actors can perform in front of an agent or producer. If no agent or producer happens to see them so much the worse for the actors.

The agent tipped me off that the best place to look for a showcase was in the news and advertising columns of a publication named Show Business. The first notice I read said: "Actor wanted for publicity campaign. Two weeks in store window. Nation-wide coverage. No pay, but two weeks in store window!" Here, now, was a showcase. Scores of actors would vie for the opportunity of appearing, without pay, in a store window on the off chance that an agent or producer might recognize their talents.

I COULDN'T CALL THEM ROLES...

I passed that advertisement up but answered a dozen others. One young producer begged me to take the lead in Annie Get Your Gun. The only catch was that the show was going on in a church hall, twenty miles out of town. I passed that one up. Another producer wanted me to play one of the leads in Two for the Seesaw. All I had to do was put up forty dollars to rent the theatre and another twenty dollars for advertising, and thirty dollars for something else.

I sent my photographs and a résumé of my career to every producer mentioned in the columns of Show Business and a few days later I got a call from one of them. "We are shooting a movie tomorrow. Could you make it?"

Could I make it? I checked with the Equity Union to make sure that this was an established company. Yes, I was told. The firm made gangster pictures and seemed to be franchised by all the unions. I rushed out and had my hair styled at an expensive salon. I put on the dress I thought did most for my figure.

The boss of the firm told his secretary not to disturb him. Then he closed the door and locked it. This didn't disturb me because I noticed on his desk correspondence about movies: The Vampire Calls, The Dead Man Talks Again and other gory titles.

Then he opened a locked drawer and showed me a scene he wanted for his next movie. I cringed. This office was a front for pornographic movies.

I remembered that locked door. The producer unconcernedly asked me to walk around.

Why certainly, I said.

I walked around toward the door, turned the key and got out as fast as I could.

The weeks went by, and still I wasn't in a play. One day Show Business carried an ad for an actress to play Sadie Thompson in Rain. The play was being presented by a well-established company. It was a role I felt was tailor-made for me.

I hurried to the audition only to discover that more than 400 other women felt the same way.

When it came my turn to be interviewed, the director introduced me to the male lead. He was five feet two inches tall. I told the director I felt I was too tall to play opposite his star, but he brushed that aside. "About fifteen inches taller than you," he said. It turned out that the pathetic little leading man had raised half the capital needed for the show, and the chief qualification the producer was looking for in a leading lady was the ability to raise the other half. For the eighteen months I remained in New York after that, the advertisement for a Sadie Thompson continued to run. Every time I saw it I wondered who was waiting in line today.

In the meantime I kept in touch with the big agents who had taken such an interest in me as a Canadian newcomer. Somehow their interest was waning. Without a showcase, I was just another out-of-work actor. Someone suggested I look up the agents located on Broadway. Why hadn't I thought of it before? What a logical address! The first building I tried was dingier than any I had been in before. However, a book listing agents which I had picked up assured me all agents in the building were franchised by the theatre unions. They also had the advantage of being unbesieged by other actors. In fact, in the first two offices I tried everybody was out to lunch. The elevator man advised me to try one of the agents down the hall.

JUST BUMPS AND GRINDS

He turned out to be a polite, mild-mannered Negro. He asked to see my photographs and the résumé of my theatrical experience. He especially noted that I had a university degree. Then I noticed that the pictures on the walls were all of girls wearing very little. I realized that I was in the wrong place and he realized it too. He was a booking agent for strippers. But we chatted for over an hour. I was never to receive again such a pleasant reception from an agent in New York.

My luck, if you can call it that, changed one Saturday afternoon not long afterward. I answered an other of those casting ads in Show Business. The theatre was near the Bowery. I was the only woman on the street. I edged past a milling crowd of men around a mission building. They staggered; they wove; they fell in front of me. In the doorway of the theatre another drunk passed out. I stepped over him and entered the old theatre. The lobby was jammed with other appli-

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W. O. MITCHELL tells why

Summer cottages are wasted as status symbols

"Perhaps the picture-windowed, insulated, electrified, central-heated, air-conditioned summer cottage of today is a status symbol — but only for parents. Nothing could make it so for children"

IT HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT a cottage at the lake was a North American phenomenon that should be aspirated simply as an atavistic hunger of the city sparrow for the vista of leaf and water instead of asphalt and brick. Recently I have been told that I am wrong — that the lake cottage has become the newest status symbol of our time. I am reluctant to accept this judgment, but there is ostentatious evidence to prove it.

In British Columbia along the lovely Okanagan Lake the going price for a hundred-foot waterfront lot is ten thousand dollars. Where the Qu'Appelle Lakes string themselves out fifty miles east of Regina a number of cottages have their own heated swimming pools attached. Last summer the stonework was going up for a cottage that was to cost — lake rumor had it — over a hundred thousand dollars. In Ontario's Muskoka district one cottager bought out a thriving boat factory on his lake to make sure his own fleet of pleasure boats would be well looked after; and a New Brunswick summer resident regularly dispatched his private plane to Montreal to pick up the week-end groceries. There's more here than city dwellers looking for a two-month sliver of the poetry of earth. Someone is trying to score on someone.

In my childhood not only was snob luxury unknown, but most of the summer cottages I knew would have been condemned outright as unfit for human habitation by the most indulgent of modern slum inspectors. No running water — you walked half a mile for it to the hotel pump; no outside sanitation; no insulation. Fifth-grade shingles starred with sunlight for the cottage all of course had no ceiling, displaying its stud and rafter ribs to all within. These cottages never twinkled with a pane of glass; just screens and their shutters. During a sudden rain or wind storm the shutters could be lowered by their ropes although sometimes they clattered down automatically — generally after dark when you were playing pinochle with your grandmother in the lake light of a lamp with its body-odor smell of kerosene.

For my grandmother and me the cottage kindled a sort of inebriation that lasted all through July and August. I hate to think what this black Scot in her

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My brother's pail hit the floor, emptying, 200 frogs among us at least 78 girls. The girls leaped mostly; the frogs leaped, but silently.

Drawings by Hartley Brown





The mysterious mantle WHAT'S DOWN THERE?

How and why the earth detectives will probe 30 miles under Canada's crust this summer

CRUST—*This diagram shows the granitic and basaltic crust that scientists must crack to reach the rock mantle. The crust is thin below oceans, thick under mountains. Scientists may reach the mantle directly with a 35,000-foot hole off Mexico's coast (far left). Canadians will drill down two miles through chinks in the crust.*



CRATER—*Northern Quebec's Chubb crater was caused by a meteor that scooped the earth's crust like an ice bomb blast and is believed to have cracked the crust all the way down to the mantle.*

BY FRANKLIN RUSSELL

BY THE END OF THIS SUMMER a convoy of trucks and tractors will begin moving hundreds of tons of drilling equipment to Mount Albert in the Gaspé. Set up, the big drill will cut about two miles down into the earth's crust. Some months later, a great overland tractor train will journey across the Northwest Territories from Great Bear Lake to Coppermine on the Arctic Ocean. Near Coppermine, sometime during 1963, another two-mile hole—called Muskox—is expected to go into the earth.

During 1962 and 1963, smaller rigs will put down a score of drill holes all across the country, from 1,000 to 2,000 feet deep. The drilling will all be part of a $3,000,000 three-year scientific program which a mines department scientist recently called "a colossal job of exploratory surgery on the whole country."

The "job" will be to probe, pinprick and X-ray Canada like a patient with an undiagnosed ailment. But the earth scientists will *know* their objective. They want to reach, measure and analyse the mysterious mantle, the great mass of uniform rock which lies from three to forty miles under the earth's surface. This will quickly become much more than a search for the mantle. It will be the biggest detective job in the country's history. From it should come discoveries that will enrich the future of the nation. By knowing the mantle, science can answer many vital questions: Is the earth expanding or contracting? Are we heading for another ice age? Is the earth heating up or cooling down? Where are *all* the major mineral resources located?

This last question alone is vital to Canada. Contrary to popular belief, we are coming close to exhausting our easily exploitable mineral resources. "It is now clear," says the Dominion's astronomer, Dr. C. S. Beals, "that we must go down two miles, perhaps even twenty, to find the commercial minerals we will need in the future."

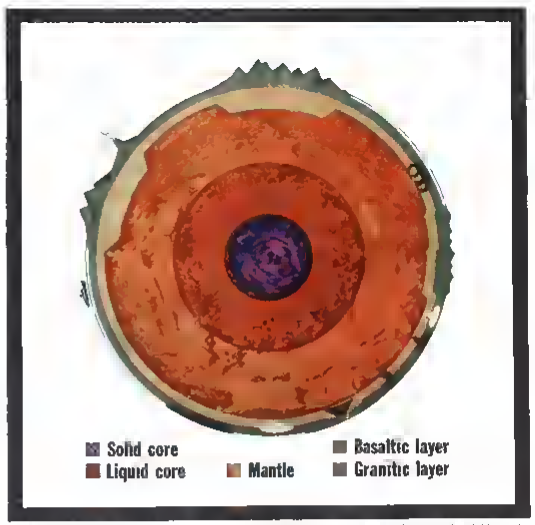
The search for the mantle in Canada is part of an international adventure called the Upper Mantle Project. It is mobilizing and uniting the work of many different scientists—geologists, seismologists, geophysicists, astronomers, petrographers and geochemists. The National Research Council, the Department of Mines and Technical Surveys and the Geological Survey of Canada are spearheading the government effort in Canada. Most major universities are contributing, under the leadership of Dr. R. J. Uffen, former head of the University of Western Ontario's geophysics department. The project was proposed by an eminent Russian geophysicist, Dr. Vladimir Beloussov. At a science meeting in Helsinki in 1960, he said that some world program should follow the greatly successful International Geophysical Year. Why not a detailed look at the earth's skin and below?

The first results of this massive program won't be known till August, 1963, at the next meeting of the International Union of Geodesy and Geophysics at Berkeley, California. There Beloussov, the elected president, will report on a staggering amount of new information that sixty participating nations will have prised, bored, dug or hypothesized from the body of the earth.

Canada's contribution will befit her great share of the earth's surface. The most dramatic results here should come from the deep drilling at Muskox and Mt. Albert. The Muskox location, fifty miles south of Coppermine on the Arctic Ocean, was chosen because a huge saucer-shaped mass of rock has been forced like toothpaste from deep in the earth to the surface there. The earth detectives suspect that it may be joined by a long stem to the mantle proper.

"We don't really know whether it is mantle material," says Dr. Larry Morley, chief of the geophysics division of the Geological Survey of Canada, "but we're going down 10,000 feet to get as much information as possible."

The great mystery of the mantle is that nobody can be sure he has ever seen it. There are a number of "intrusive areas" around the world where masses of rock at the surface are suspected to be mantle substance. At Mount Albert, about ten square miles of land is suddenly bare of all trees and vegetation. Partly because two suspected mantle elements are iron and magnesium—which in large quantities kill plants—the scientists feel this is CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



CROSS-SECTION—*In this profile of the earth's interior, the mantle of "ultrabasic rock" 1,800 miles thick, is the big ring under the light outer crust. Earth scientists hope to reach it by 1963.*



THE PROFESSOR — Pauline Jewett, who taught political science, used a back-fence approach in rural Northumberland to capture the Liberal nomination.



THE LAWYER — Judy LaMarsh stumped in factories and won her Niagara Falls by-election by 5,139 votes, drawing roughly as many men's votes as women's.

THE NEW WOMEN IN POLITICS

Judy LaMarsh is an MP. Pauline Jewett wants to be an MP. They're a new kind of female politician — at home with lawbooks and ideas, but hustling, give-'em-hell grass roots campaigners, too. They want the men's vote — and they'll fight like men to get it

BY PETER GZOWSKI, MACLEAN'S QUEBEC EDITOR

TWO OF THE FASTEST RISING LIGHTS in Canadian politics are those of Judy LaMarsh and Pauline Jewett. Miss LaMarsh is a full fashionable lawyer who is the member of parliament for Niagara Falls, Ont. Miss (or Dr.—she has a Harvard Ph.D.) Jewett is a handsome willowy professor of political science who is now running for parliament in the riding of Northumberland, a predominantly farming county on the north shore of Lake Ontario. As women, Misses LaMarsh and Jewett have in common their age bracket (the upper thirties), quick disarming smiles, brisk, assertive intelligences and a taste for the sociability of politics. As politicians, they have membership in the same party (Liberal) and something that very few, if indeed any, other women politicians in Canada have ever had — an aim and an ability to be, in public life, politicians first and women second.

The February issue of the Canadian Journal of Economics and Political Science carries a report by Miss Jewett on two 1960 by-elections in Ontario, including the one that sent Miss LaMarsh to Ottawa; perhaps the most interesting set of figures that Miss Jewett presents indicates that Miss LaMarsh, who won her riding by more than five thousand votes, also attracted men and women voters in about the same proportion.

Judy LaMarsh, in fact, has already managed to establish a formidable reputation — formidable for a woman *or* a man — in the House of Commons without once reverting to causes that are generally regarded as of particular interest to women. (She has also stayed carefully away from speaking in the House about Indians' rights, a subject about which she feels strongly, but which comes under the jurisdiction of the Hon. Ellen Fairclough. Miss LaMarsh does not want to get involved in what she calls a "hair-pulling contest.") Last fall, she touched off a lively parliamentary exchange by asking the minister of defense if it were true that the army had directed "that the FN rifle be used with a weaker cartridge than that originally designed for it because of the fact that there is a gas leak around the breach block." (It wasn't true, quite, but the minister did admit that the rifles were being modified at a cost of sixteen dollars each, partly to allow for ammunition from some other NATO countries.) She has made Prime Minister Diefenbaker a favorite and personal target in the Commons and not too long ago she was given the honor, rare for so new an MP, of leading her party's free-swinging parliamentary attack on government economic policies. She is a tireless campaigner who triumphed in a by-election against such ungentlemanly slogans as "vote for Mitch and not the bitch" (which she does not attribute to her New Party opponent Edward Mitchelson).

A FAINT ECHO OF LAST HURRAHS

Miss LaMarsh is an experienced Organization Liberal — one of the few in elected office — who has held at one time or another the vice-presidency of the Young Liberal Federation of Canada, the vice presidency of the Ontario Liberal Association and the presidency of the Ontario Women's Liberal Association. She is, in some, something of a wheeler-dealer with a faint echo of last hurrahs in her speeches — she recently made eighteen on an eight-day trip and is one of her party's three most in-demand speakers — and a lusty delight in the give-'em-hell aspects of politics. Members of the press gallery in Ottawa, where she is popular, have called her "refreshing," "colorful," "outspoken," and, once, "leggy." Her clippings include the line, written of her, "the lone woman who has the most

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McKenzie Porter on

BORES

All anybody really needs to know about bores is how to spot them before they spot you — the quiet ones, the repellingly unquiet ones, the multiplying yawn-makers of all kinds. Here's how

NEARLY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS have elapsed since Lord Byron lamented that society is now one polished horde, formed of two mighty tribes: the hores and bored. Yet society leaders have done nothing to resolve this quivering emotional deadlock. Indeed, especially since the introduction of television the bores have gained such superiority in numbers that good conversationalists are meeting in secret. During the winter festivities I watched so many gatherings snddenly or gradually prostrated by bores that I decided to find ont what is wrong with this nbiqnitons human phenomenon. Well, to cut a long story short — as so often he promises to do himself — the bore is snffering from a malady that is defined by the U.S. psychologist Edmnnd Bergler as "fnn deficiency."

The bore is terrified of being laughed at and so dares not invite retaliation by laughing at somebody else. Most bores bray, drone, bleat, chirp or rant, with banality and persistence partly to spike the guns of others who might be planning to aim a joke at them and partly to camonflege their own fear of discharging comic missiles.

A few bores, however, remain mute: the males hoping to pass as "strong silent men" and the females yearning to earn such compli-



ments as "still waters run deep." The result, of conrse, in any environment where normal rules of courtesy prevail, is a transfixation of the remaining gnests in a sort of conglobulated torpor.

I have discovered time and again, on penetrating a cloud of pipe tobacco smoke that behind the graven reflective featnres of the so-called "strong silent man" there are no thoughts at all, save perhaps the possible conjecture that there may be shrimp patties for snpper or that his feet might be getting a trifle hot. And in the depths of those womanly waters that snpposedly rue so deep I have never fonnd any better response to a conversational gambit than the grunt, giggle or shriek of an onraged shopgirl.

From this moment on the dumb bores will be left where they are: always to be found — in a lonely forgotten corner — since they offer little offense to anyone who can resist the temptation to pour a jag of iced water over their heads.

This will leave me more space to concentrate on the base described by Horace as "the man whose eloqnence has power to clear the fullest honse in hall an hour."

According to Edmnnd Bergler, one of the few psychologists who have had the lortitnde to make prolonged clinical studies in this field, the loquacious bore has copied his antisocial characteristic from "his parents, guardians or main edncators" and so tends to reproduce himself endlessly. This may account for the prevalence of bores in politics, a science that is notorions for its nepotism. I have heard poli-



ticians confess to the inordinate number of bores among their colleagues and excuse them on the grounds that they are bound by practical considerations never to make a remark that might cost a vote, which is tantamount to saying that they may never voice a stimulating opinion.

Douglas Fisher, who has been described by one Press Gallery reporter as "the only nan-bore in the Canadian House of Commons," tells me that: "The nniversities are also loaded with bores, so is the civil service and the corporate hnreaucracy." Since the welfare of the world is in the hands of politicians, scholars, civil servants and corporation bureaucrats, it is no wonder that it gets more boring every day.

For my money the most boring topic of discussion among contemporary world leaders is the H-Bomb. The nnending descriptions of its powers of devastation produce in me nothing but ennni. And I believe most other people share my reaction. If they didn't, they'd be digging cities five miles nndergronnd by now. I also believe that the average man doesn't worry one bit about the possibilities of genetic mutations in post-bomb blast posterity. In fact I'm qnite certain that the typical citizen nowadays wonld want his great-great-grandchildren to have seven toes and an extra pair of ears if the other kids were so eqnipped. Conformity is a strong emotion and is closely associated with the boredom inflicted npon us by the assembly-line philosophies of television producers and political leaders.

The incidence of bores in high places negates the argnment that all bores are clods. In fact most bores are well edncated people. Yon can divine Ibis in thair grandiloqnent langnage. When a bore enters yonr house he speaks of



your hospitable abode, yenr wife is "your good lady" and your son is "your manly offspring." Actually a bore never comes to your house in the role of a guest. He comes "to fnlfill a small social duty."

A vivid impression of his impact on your evening is offered by the English stage satirists Flanders and Swann, who have added the bore as a boar to their menagerie in song — the hippopotamns, the wempam, the ostrich, the gnn etc. In their latest Parlophone record, The Bestiary of Flanders and Swann, soon to be sold in Canada, they sing this of the boar or bore:

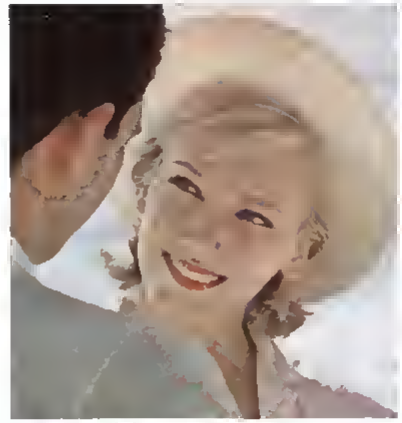
> "Lightly scented with musk from each quivering tusk
> To the tip of his tail neatly curled
> He will peff oet his chest and say
> Old Friends Are Best,
> When he hasn't a friend in the world."

Offstage Flanders end Sween are no less bright. Bnt, paradoxically enongh, some of the worldis most famous performers become bores as soon as they have said their exit line. Les Allan, a Toronto singer who recently retnrned after many years on the English stage, says: "I was once in the same show as the late George Robey. In front of the lootlights Robey was a superb clown. Backstage he was the most tiresome old fubby cat I've ever met. He had two personalities, one public, one private, and

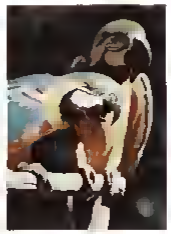


they were as different as champagna and bottled stont."

Joyce Davidson, the Canadian television interviewer who now CONTINUED OVEa PAGE











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works in New York, told me she could name at least a dozen stars of stage and screen who are colossal bores, and bal-loons blown up by their press agents. They're tethered to their wives, decorated by their hairdressers and tailors and so valuable to what people think of them that if they ever had a public pratfall or heard an audience cat-call they'd go pop.

Most of us, however, are better acquainted with less illustrious bores. Everybody knows the man in the office who drops hints that suggest he is aware of all that goes on in the executive suite. He's there slated for promotion and that's his deference and flattery in his dealings. Equally familiar is the man who sees a male and female employee returning from lunch, raises an arch eyebrow and mutters among other fellow workers — with the winning "no names, no pack drill" — that blazing unnoticed in their midst is the most indiscreet affair since Queen Pasiphae and the Bull.

One of the great mistakes many people make in the assumption that all elderly people are boring. This is untrue. The average old bore has been a bore all his life. Yet he is particularly the woman among them who have had something interesting to say about bores. Up to this day they lure new men to remove his coat and reveal himself in all the horror of his suspenders.

There is one lively wit in Canada that Miss Estelle Kerr, the Toronto painter who is now well into her eighties. Having had much time to observe bores Miss Kerr has learned how to avoid them. She says: "I've rarely met a bore since I stopped going to church and doing purposeful good deeds."

At this point I must interject the views of Irving Layton, the Montreal poet who has been seeing humanity recently in a form he describes as "The Swing of Flesh." Layton agrees with Miss Kerr that bores are to be found "wherever more than two or three people are gathered together." But he goes further in denigrating bores thus: "They are mental serfs, lunatics, bigots. They exemplify the whole human race except for that 0001 percent of mystics, visionaries, poets, saints, composers, etc., who atone for their human dullness by thrilling us of their dreams and nightmares."

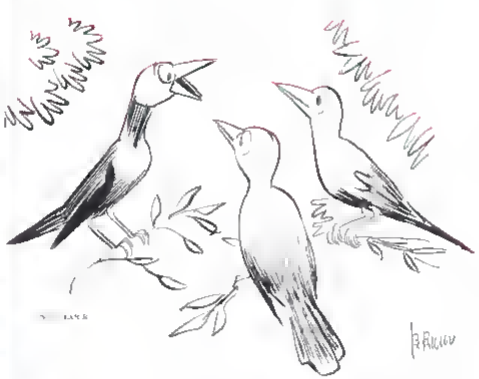
Miss Kerr has noticed more subtle bores than Layton has. She says that among the worst are those two people who discuss mutual friends in the presence of a third party who's never met those friends.

One good way of crushing a bore is to set a wit lying in wait to shoot him down. The best ambush of this kind in North American history involved General Alexander Smith who was famous in his time as the most tedious speaker in the United States Congress. Once when interrupted by Henry Clay, a fellow congressman, Smith mildly said: "You may speak for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." To which Henry Clay replied: "And you sir, seem resolved to speak until the arrival of your audience."

Albert Einstein, out of the hundred wits I've talked to recently on the subject of bores, told me that the true bore is interested only in himself. I agree. But I think a less boring way of saying it was voiced recently by Dorothy Moss, the director of the Hart and New Art Gallery in Toronto. She declared: "A bore is any person who is not interested in me."

I am told that I'm a terrible bore myself, especially on the subject of the British Army and its role in the upholding and preservation of the British Empire. My old London colleague William Connor, who writes the Cassandra column for the Daily Mirror, reminds me that once in Fleet Street, I took on as host and a ball to remark the conclusion that the decline of the British Empire is due to a gross public disinterest in embire practice. Having made this point, says Connor, I seemed at a loss for words and to fill in the strained silence I announced that I was going for a holiday to Bermuda. From my willing audience came an anguished cry of "You're going to bore them!"

Perhaps the best comment on the subject of bores has been offered to me by Peter Sellers, the English comedian to whom I wrote for an opinion. "Dear Mackenzie Porter," replied Peter Sellers. "This is all I have to say about bores." With this reply he enclosed twelve blank sheets of writing paper ★



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In many cases of school phobia, it isn't just the child who's mentally ill. It's also the mother

One of the commonest phobias of childhood is school phobia. In addition to the unpleasant effects it shares with all phobias, school phobia is extreme untreated cases can seriously affect a child's later life by leaving him undereducated.

School phobia bears no resemblance to simple truancy. The truant skips school to go out into the world; the child with school phobia goes straight home and withdraws from the world. His act is not defiance or naughtiness. It does not respond to the usual trip to the woodshed treatment, and no amount of persuasion will stop a symptom of true childhood neurosis, a reflection of childhood unhappiness.

Knowledge of separation anxiety is confusion of child from mother and child so closely to one another that any separation causes both of them overwhelming anxiety.

This closeness is not all love. Hate, resentment and hostility are mixed in with it, and just as it is possible to see more than one color in a hair, so is it possible to feel more than one emotion toward a person simultaneously. The mother who is overindulgent, overprotective and overdependent with her child is not just showing an excess of mature love; she may be compensating for the fact that a Halifax general practitioner informed a mass rich luncheon meeting, that sometimes the hate the little beggar and wishes he were a thousand miles away.

Families of children with school phobia often have features in common. The father is usually weak and ineffective in head of the household while the mother may be an emotionally reliable person who herself had an unsatisfactory childhood and relationship with her own mother. In a recent study of seven children with school phobia at the Montreal Children's Hospital, Dr. Stewart Agras reported that another important factor in this disorder is depression.

Six out of the seven children Dr. Agras treated were suffering from depression, the common symptom being weeping for no apparent reason and whining, unhappy behavior. Six of the seven mothers were depressed, and in the other family the father was. The depression seemed to have been handed directly down to the children.

From these mothers the children got a clinging possessive kind of love, sometimes replaced by oversevere demands for competence and achievement. The children in turn made constant and unreasonable demands on the mothers, with the result that mutual hostility was constantly rekindled with subsequent feelings of guilt. The mothers and children alike were full of urgent need of psychiatric help and, when psychiatric treatment (The continuing danger of suicide during depression is extreme.)

All authorities agree on the importance of getting these children back to school. The sooner the better. Unless this is done, the condition may become so difficult to treat that children may stay away from school for years. Frequently developing morning sickness, fever, headaches, insomnia, loss of appetite or any of a dozen other ailments that will achieve them aim.

The basic issue," Dr. Leon Eisenberg of Baltimore said in an address to the Ninth International Congress of Pediatrics a couple of years ago in Montreal, "is not going to school. It's hating mother." But usually the pediatrician or family doctor who is called in first for a child with school phobia. Any symptoms which mysteriously vanish around half-past one on a weekday and do not appear at all over the week-end or on holidays are grounds for suspecting no emotional problem.

In severe cases, where the cordon of caught guilt and where the mother's active co-operation can be gained, the doctor may be able to get the child back to school without much trouble. Too often, however, he has to deal with a mother whose own overprotective, overindulgent resentful behavior toward the child perpetuates the situation. He expects the doctor to remedy. No matter how much she protests aloud that the child must immediately be returned to school, silently her actions and attitude convey the opposite desire. For she needs the child's protection as much as he needs hers. Sensing her feelings, the child is more determined than ever to stay home.

It's a case of confusion of many generations," says Dr. Nathan B. Epstein, chief of psychiatry at Montreal Jewish General Hospital and associate professor of psychiatry at McGill University. Dr. Epstein, who pursues treatment whole families together rather than individual members, says he often finds "the mother and child are in rebellion with each other."

Changing schools or teachers solves nothing. The problem is still separation anxiety.

Severe cases may be referred to a psychiatric clinic or a psychiatrist who will work with the school and the parents to restore the child to healthy behavior. Sometimes the therapist may set a date a few days ahead and tell him that on that day he will return to school. Tears and tantrums avail nothing and many experts feel that it is very important for the therapist to show his own feelings, including anger, so the child will realize that he doesn't entail loss of affection and is not fatal. In this way he learns to cope with his own anger in a healthier way, and as his hostile impulses and guilt vanish the phobia will disappear.

The author of *Psychotherapy in Medical Practice*, Dr. Maurice Levine believes that children should certainly be permitted to express their emotions freely; for example they should be permitted to an occasional day off from school when they hate Mommy without being punished.

"However," says Dr. Levine, "children should not be allowed to break the rules of the mother; I guess. Children should not be allowed to eat glass."

The therapist plays the part of the "good" parent and then he makes a determined effort to get the mother in turn, to accept some help for her own problems and adopt a more realistic attitude toward her child's needs.

Once the child recognizes that his freedom at home is really imprisonment and his loss of liberty at school means liberation, he is well on the way to recovery.

Another form of school phobia as described as examination phobia. Dr. Nicholas Mellersor of University College, London, recently outlined its typical symptoms. The student is terrified into illness by an approaching exam. He can't study because he can't keep his mind on his work; he can neither eat nor sleep; he is completely incapacitated by the knowledge that each tick of the clock brings him closer to the dreaded ordeal from which there is no escape. What is particularly tragic is that a student can get to his last year in the reality knows his work thoroughly, and still fail his final exams because of this phobia.

Dr. Mallesson reports the case of a technology student who was brought to his office by a classmate. He was suffering from acute exam nation phobia but showed no physical symptoms. Later in the evening, though the doctor got a call reporting that the patient had a high fever. By the time he got to the student's lodgings, the fever was 102. Convinced that it was caused by the phobia, the doctor ordered him to stay in bed.

Now imagine you have taken your exam," he said, "and you have *failed* in every *subject*. How do you feel?"

The youth burst into tears which lasted for half an hour. Every time the sobbing showed signs of abating, the doctor would remind him of the jeers of his colleagues, the shame and financial loss he had brought on his parents and all the other humiliations he would have to endure. When finally the student was quiet from exhaustion the doctor leaned back in his chair. "Very good," he said cheerfully, "now let's do it all over again." When the patient was empty of tears and emotion, the doctor left him with this prescription.

When you get the slightest feeling of panic encourage it; try to experience it even more strongly than before. If you have an panic feelings create them every thirty minutes, no matter how much effort it takes."

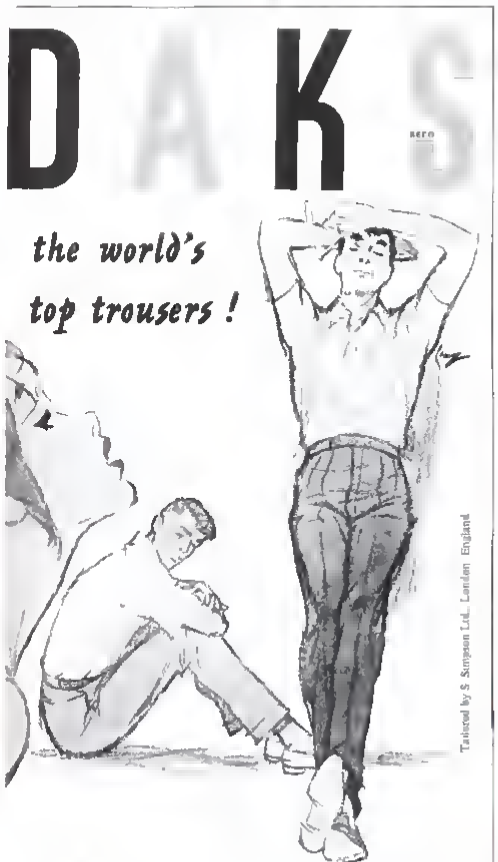
Dr. Mallesson saw his patient twice a day for the next two days and applied the same drastic treatment. On the day of the exam the student said he was almost totally unable to feel any fear. He had as it were exhausted the effect of the whole

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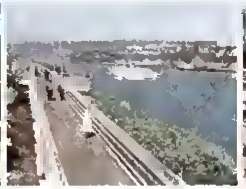


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situation. He passed the exam without difficulty," the doctor concluded.

Dr. Matheson calls this treatment "symptom reaction inhibition therapy," and points out that it is only one psychiatric tool being used against phobic fear by psychiatrists and by other medical doctors who are increasingly accepting and using psychiatric methods in their practices. Some patients like the student with exam phobia, respond to an attack on the symptoms alone. In other cases it is necessary to get at the real fear which the phobia conceals.

An extreme example of the direct approach was related by an Ottawa surgeon who despises psychiatry. A twelve-year-old girl who suffered from a phobia against doctors and hospitals died from the hospital ward just before she was to undergo a minor operation and locked herself in a washroom. "I don't know what a *psychiatrist* would have done," said the surgeon, but I climbed over the top of the cubicle, dragged her out by the ear, put her over my knee and beat the hell out of her. From then on she was a model of cooperation."

Doctors who prefer a gentler and more analytic approach admit that such direct treatment might work on certain spoiled brat teenagers but could do disastrous things to children with genuine phobic fears. A drummin example of how simple but scientific therapy removed a deep-seated and serious phobia was that of a man in his thirties who fell into panic during thunderstorms. At home he jumped into bed and pulled the covers over his head at the first clap of thunder. At the office he ran to the washroom and locked himself in until the storm stopped.

It was not until his wife was expecting their first child and he realized that he would probably transmit his phobia to his child by example that he sought help. The doctor, a general practitioner trained in psychiatry, led his patient back to his childhood in search of the underlying cause of the phobia. Reluctantly the young man remembered when he was a little boy his mother had caught him masturbating in the bathroom on a stormy Sunday.

She had called him a wicked nasty child and declared that no one would love him and he'd go straight to hell if he ever did such a thing again. From that time on thunderstorms had the power to evoke in him the guilt and anxiety he had felt on that day twenty-five years ago. The doctor explained what neither the mother nor her son had known: that the Victorian belief that masturbation led to perdition had long since changed into the knowledge that the act was a normal stage in a long process of experimentation leading from infancy to sexual maturity. The patient's phobia vanished.

One of the problems in treating phobias is that some patients subconsciously don't want to be cured because a phobia may carry with it what medical men call "secondary gain." A man with avowed phobia can't be expected to travel down town during rush hours; he can't be asked to compete in the hurly-burly of today. If he must work, it must be at a quiet job very carefully circumscribed and one that never requires him to venture outside his secure little boundaries.

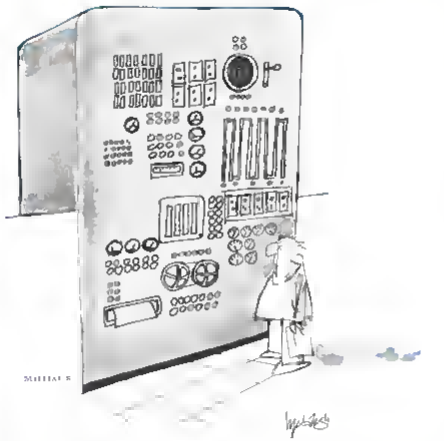
Similarly a woman with street phobia cannot be expected to do her own shopping, take clothes to the cleaners, pick up the children at school, walk in the post office or any volunteer work or, in fact, perform any of the tedious but necessary errands in running a house. Somebody else must help her.

No phobia will be removed as long as there is any benefit to be derived from keeping it. The therapist's first job is to make sure that all secondary gain is taken away. The next is to make the patient honestly want to get well. This is sometimes thwarted by the apparent readiness of families to adjust to the phobia fear of a member. If mother is afraid to venture out on the street alone, members of the family tend to accept this fact uncritically and take turns accompanying her or running errands for her. This passive acceptance is well meant but it strengthens the phobia. Perhaps the best answer to overcoming phobias is to prevent them. Parents should not object to normal childhood fears that they always connected to darkness as the Friendly Dark, emphasizing how safe and cozy it was. Be protecting. Until the night the first real sun demanded that his bedroom door be left open, his window halfshut and the hall light left on. Asked why, he replied succinctly: "Because I hate the damn Friendly Dark, that's why!"

Fear of the dark is universal with the human race. We are a mammal nating species. Dr. Macleod explained, "and our primitive instincts probably still tell us it's always possible that some other meat eating animal may pounce on us. But a curious thing often happens in children who have this common fear and who insist on a night light. A point is reached where they quite suddenly realize that the dark can be an ally — if they can't see, the bears and the bears can't see them. And when this happens they lose their fear of the dark."

What is a fear phobia? Many parents would like to know how seriously they should take the fears of their children. An unknown number of adults are walking the streets or hiding indoors dominated by a fear of they cannot explain or control. When a fear is inappropriate and unnecessary when it's beyond the ability of the limited situation to support when it is unaccompanied and transient gets in the way and when it's not understood it is symptomatic that it is probably a phobia and should be treated medical help.

Our point is not adults. If a doctor advises parents to punish their child's fears by punishing him, scold about it, or instruct him to contend with the phobia situation unaided and without their sympathy support they would be well to seek another medical opinion. ★



"Aw have a heart, boss — . . . I'm only human"

MACLEAN'S



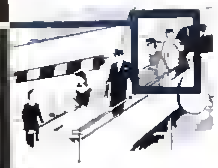
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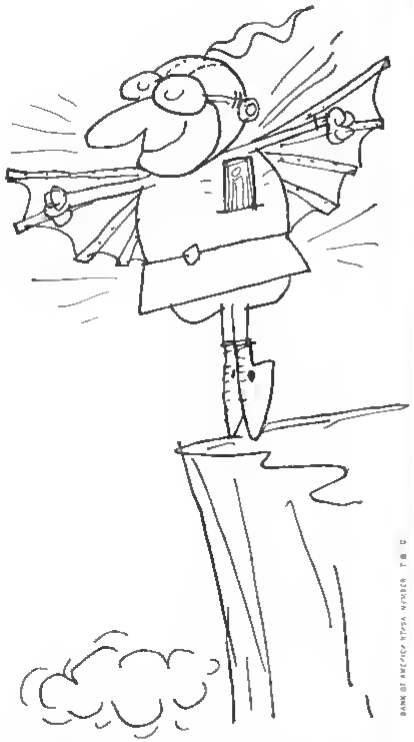
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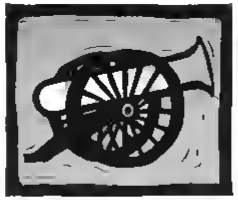
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PSYCHOCHEMICAL WARFARE

Continued from page 16

"It's tasteless, colorless, odorless and potent. I know

percent of the population to kill all. Only ten percent of the people would die but practically everybody in the country would be busy coping with the health emergency. At the time of the annual military offensive extensive use of psychochemical weapons would make so influential resistance impossible.

What will seem to us less than horrible, says General J. B. Rothschild, a retired U.S. Army expert on chemical warfare, "If chemical and biological warfare offer at least a small hope of surviving it out without horrendously destroying huge numbers of troops, their families and their cities."

Just how much money and effort is being expended on the psychochemicals remains unknown. Defense budgets conceal such information from potential enemies. It is known that this year the U.S. Army Chemical Corps is spending $84 million for research and development — twice their budget two years ago. According to Maj. Gen. Stubbs, the chemical corps is investigating about 400 potential compounds a month received from drug and pharmaceutical houses. The corps also manufactures a complex of some twenty-odd lysergamides, arrows, the cocoon, arsenals, manufacturing plants, research testing, and training centers. In the United Kingdom it is believed that the investigation of psychochemicals is included in the annual $22 million allotted for "Miscellaneous Effective Services."

The annual expenditure of Canada's Defence Research Board for research and development is $32 million. This covers the cost of maintaining a huge research and testing station at Suffield, Alberta, on which stand 112 miles of fence to chase gas. The building, according to one rumor, pens of experimental animals, has the walls from floor to ceiling and a pipeline system circulating experimental gases. Canadian, American and English military scientists work regularly to authorize information and avoid duplication of effort. When I wrote of developments, replied Dr. Zimmerman, when I talked him about the psychochemicals. He emphasized that Canada's concern with bacteriological and chemical warfare is strictly defensive not offensive. "We have no stockpiles and we have no manufacturing plants." Dr. Zimmerman said.

Allied interest in the psychochemicals has been spurred by Russian activities to the field. Premier Khrushchev has made it plain that he intends to use all kinds of weapons in the event of war. This is the logic of war: the logic of struggle. The Russian statements by Soviet scientists indicate that they have some sophisticated chemical warfare research which is indicative of brilliant chemists. Special significance attaches itself to the so-called psychic poisons which are now used for the stimulation of mental diseases," wrote General Dragov of the Russian medical corps in a 1957 military publication.

Of the thousands of "psychic poisons" considered by the U.S. Army Chemical Corps only a few have been publicly identified. LSD-25 — lysergic acid diethylamide psilocybine — the active principle found in a family of lethal Mexican mushrooms called — contained in the leaves of a cactus which grows to profusion in the southwestern United States and South America and Cambodia.

Judging by the number of times LSD has been mentioned, LSD-25 appears to be in high favor with the military. Its advantages as a potential weapon are many. It is tasteless, colorless, odorless and potent. Twenty micrograms can produce hallucinations in a healthy, normal adult. (A microgram is one *millionth* of a gram.) It dissolves readily in water and remains nonfixed by boiling or chlorination.

I can testify to the effectiveness of LSD-25. As a participant in a research project conducted by the Saskatchewan Committee for Schizophrenia Research, I swallowed some LSD-25 — an amount so small it could lie unnoticed on the head of a pin. My experience, for the following twelve hours, which I have described in detail, was a nightmare. Ian Ewing, Hector Maclean's, Dunbar, 1955, were unforgettable. I suffered terrifying hallucinations wherein various parts of my body seemed to flare off into space. I saw strange beasts in blazing technicolor. I couldn't think, nor, at least clearly. I was highly suggestible and could easily be put in a state of terror. At times I forget who I was. I lost track of time. Needless to say, any soldier or civilian dosed with LSD-25 in wartime would be useless.

No decisions, only fantasies

Dr. M. Van Sim of the U.S. chemical corps tested LSD-25 on himself. The influence of the drug persisted for three days. He says he sat in a chair for hours at a time, perfectly content to enjoy my hallucinations. I was incommunicado. I was content to make simple decisions on realities upon which I had previously lavished the power of intellect. Dr. Van Sim then administered the drug to groups in order to find out how well they could carry out an assigned task. They failed to do the job," he said. I am doing, to the possible use against civilians and specialized troops.

A small amount of LSD-25 dumped into the water supply of a city as large as New York, Toronto or Montreal might produce disastrous results.

In Washington recently, I learned of other experiments which employed an identified chemical. Specially trained white female cats were placed in a cage with a mouse. She, mind in the experiment, was pounced on the instant she put it to her mouth and killed it. The cat was then injected with a psychochemical and the mouse was placed in the cage. After a delay of ten minutes. Now she was terrified by the mouse. She cowered and crumbled up the sides of the cage trying to escape. An unidentified chemical produced the possible instant result that the cat ran. We could make running, whimpering cowards out of the finest, bravest troops. In another demonstration, Sparky, a small black dog, was placed in an air tight chamber into which was released a small amount of a mutant gas. After a few whiffs the normal, beamish, lively dog lay on the ground motionless and paralyzed. An antidote was administered. A few minutes later the dog completely recovered. The ability to temporarily paralyze in enemy on the battlefield by means of chemicals



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could be an overwhelmingly powerful weapon.

In another test — reported in an army publication — a disciplined squad of soldiers were dosed by slipping a psycho chemical into their coffee. The drill sergeant was not drugged. After the coffee break the sergeant gave his commands as before. He might just as well have saved his breath. The soldiers were inattentive, fatigued, lacked co-ordination. Some of them were seized by uncontrollable fits of laughter, others tampered like idiots.

Under combat conditions a psycho chemical could be employed most effectively and economically by administering it to key officers. This was demonstrated in another U.S. army test. Just before a large scale army exercise a senior staff officer was secretly drugged. Shortly after the general commanding the manoeuvres summoned him for a briefing. What happened at this meeting, was later reported in a military publication. The general talked but the staff officer didn't seem to understand him. He seemed to be preoccupied, unable to concentrate. He became increasingly drowsy. Finally" concludes the report, "despite all efforts to remain awake, alert and coherent, the senior staff officer literally fell asleep on the commanding general's desk in the midst of the briefing."

Experiments with human volunteers have also been carried out by the British at the Defense Experimental Establishment at Porton, a village on the bleak Salisbury Plains. The government tersely admits that such tests are conducted but withholds details. However one volunteer, Quinn Glynn Kniman, a twenty-six year old RAF man who later moved to Vancouver, has publicly described his experiences at Porton. He was one of twelve men who were given a few whiffs of an unknown, invisible, odorless gas. It made him feel strange in several ways and severely affected his vision. "We had to light each others' cigarettes because we couldn't focus well enough to bring the match and cigarette together" he said. "We tried to play pool but couldn't hit the ball with the cue stick. Because of our disturbed vision we weren't allowed to drive a vehicle for two days."

Using human volunteers to test new chemical and biological agents is not without risk. The English experiments have resulted in at least one death which was discussed in the House of Commons. During the past ten years in the American program it is reported that there have been at least three deaths and some 715 cases of illness and injury of varying intensity. The American volunteers are recruited from the penitentiaries and the armed forces. Many of the human guinea pigs in the latter group have been young Seventh Day Adventists. Pacifists by reservation they prefer to engage in non-military activities while in the army.

It is almost certain that some of these volunteers have taken psilocybine since it is repeatedly mentioned in the military literature. No army reports on this psychochemical have been made public but Dr. Max Rinkel and his associates administered psilocybin to four men at the Massachusetts Mental Health Center and carefully noted the results. The drug became effective in forty-five minutes and a variety of strange reactions persisted for sixteen hours. "Some of the volunteers were relaxed and happy, others tense and wanting to jump about. . . . There were changes in mood marked by euphoria. There was a feeling of lightheadedness, nausea, pressure in the back of the head, a feeling of weakness in the legs which subjects described as 'rubber like,' plastic or waxy. . . . One subject felt very tall and very short at times and that his legs were detached from his body. . . . Speech was slurred. Concentration was difficult. . . . One subject, a musician, was unable to play the piano. He missed notes, failed to sustain the tempo, stuttered passages. He gave up playing, feeling annoyed with himself."

In addition to psilocybin, the number of unnamed psychochemicals being considered or tested must be thousands. Most of them come from pharmaceutical houses. I asked twelve of the largest drug firms for further information. Most of them told me that for security reasons they could not provide me with details. Chas. Pfizer & Company, in New York, said: "We have supplied the government with a number of unsavory toxic substances which turned up in the company's research but we don't know the exact use the army research people made of them. But we have learned that some of them are useful." I asked an army spokesman what kind of drugs he selects from pharmaceutical firms. He said: "We ask them to send us compounds which have adverse effects on the mind and body and hence are of no use to them."

The thick, glass wall

Even a cursory review of recent medical journals reveals that there is no dearth of available compounds which have adverse psychological effects. Like other substances, LSD-25 in small often induces depression. Major Alvin Stubbs, chief of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, pointed out that a depressant drug has an obvious military application. "To launch an offensive military action, high troop morale is desirable. If you mean want to be depressed by the use of psychochemicals there's a good chance that the operation would fail miserably." Two potential psychochemicals that defense authorities in Washington, Ottawa and London may have already tested are related compounds — adrenolutin and adrenochrome. As members of the Saskatchewan Committee of Schizophrenia Research, two psychiatrists Dr. Humphry Osmond and Dr. Abram Hoffer have had wide, first-hand experience with both these drugs.

For some days after taking adrenolutin Dr. Hoffer was jittery, irritable, depressed, indecisive and paranoidal. He told me later: "It was so hard to make a decision that it used to take me twenty minutes to decide whether I wanted coffee or tea after dinner." The most conspicuous effect of adrenochrome on Dr. Osmond was an extreme sense of disinterest and detachment. While under the influence of the drug, Osmond who is normally a friendly and talkative person, went to a medical meeting and remained bored at home. I said there, for hours without uttering a single word." He later told me: "It was though I was separated from the world by a thick glass wall."

One of the stated aims of the defense scientists is to produce an effective psychoticment which paralyzes the will. The ident agent may be the alkaloid seed which is one of the many substances the Intrepid Dr. Osmond has tried on himself. On one occasion he chewed and swallowed a handful seeds which are round, hard and bitter and resemble a small sweet pea. It is the seed of a large woody vine known as *Rivea corymbosa* and was the favorite narcotic of the ancient Aztecs. The plant still flourishes in Central and South America. The paralyzing effects of the drug can best be described by quoting directly from Dr. Osmond's notes:

12.30 "In half hour after taking the drug I feel apathy, loss of energy, weakness. I doubt whether I can hold the microphone of the tape recorder."

1.34 "A curious thing happened. I raised my hand above my head but couldn't get it down. Voluntary effort

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3:30. I'm hungry but I'm too lethargic to do anything about it. Further briefly... I'm aware that this is an interesting experiment but I don't have the energy to be interested in it. An extraordinary lack of energy... or extreme unwillingness to do anything at all.

Two hypothetical examples of the possible medical uses of drugs like the ones I have described were recently given by Major E. M. Gershuter, an American strategist.

"During a vigorous U.S. attack on an Aggressor position, the operations officer of the enemy corps opposing our advance wishes to the corps commander for an immediate decision or implementation of a counterattack plan. To his dismay, he finds the Old Man silent, introspective, even [illegible]. The deputy corps commander is incoherent and appears to be drunk, although it is well known about headquarters that he is a teetotaler."

In Major Gershuter's second imaginary situation, U.S. troops are attacking "Brickenport bridge, an objective vital to our mission. Our troops find the Aggressor defenders sound asleep, as if in a paralyzing stupor. Three hours later, after the bridge is secured, the enemy guard detail is in a POW cage. Three soldiers are stirred and errol seem to recall what had happened."

With their technical skills modern chemists can literally the active principle in a plant, synthesize the crystalline essence in the laboratory, then manufacture it in quantity usually in solid, liquid or gaseous form. The people of the Far East, for centuries, consumed the root *Rauwolfia serpentina* for its miraculous healing qualities. Chemists went to work on *Rauwolfia* and gave us reserpine, which today is one of the most widely used tranquilizers in North America. The search for psychochemicals is probably following the same kind of leads.

It is entirely possible that one Haitian plant, cohoba, is already under military surveillance. It has long been consumed by the natives to empower them "to communicate with the dead." Dr. V. L. Stromberg of the National Heart Institute has already identified the active ingredient in cohoba as bufotenine. Its effect on normal people has been reported by Dr. Howard Uhlig and Dr. J. R. Hawkins in *Science*. It was injected into the veins of a young man. His face immediately turned purple and he saw reddish spots before his eyes. At times his eyes seemed to be looking through a yellow filter. His perception of time, space and of himself was seriously impaired. "I am here and I am not here," he said.

During my talks with Maj.-Gen. Stubbs, of the U.S. Army Chemical Corps, he spoke of interest in a psychochemical that would promote "hostility and antagonism to a point where a group of men would quarrel among themselves and perhaps even attack each other." A likely supply of such an agent is to be found in a Peruvian vine vine, *Banisteria caapi*. Peruvian Indians prepare a thick, brown, bitter liquid from the vine and consume it on certain ceremonial occasions. The dramatic effects of *caapi* have been studied by Dr. L. Lewin, a famous German toxicologist as well as other visitors to Peru. At first, the subject feels a certain exhilaration and he holds sights of great beauty. Colored buds fly about and the trees are laden with fresh ripe fruit. Suddenly these idyllic visions are replaced by scenes of stark terror. The subject imagines that he is about to be attacked by voracious beasts. To protect himself he seizes the nearest weapons and strikes out at the people around him.

Another substance that promises savage behavior is *Amanita muscaria*, a poisonous mushroom consumed by the primitive people of northeastern Asia to relieve the boredom of long winter days and nights. It induces hallucinations which often lead to violence and self-destruction. *Amanita muscaria* is probably the most durable of all the mind poisons, a quality which ranks high with military chemists. "This substance is notable for the potency of its active principle which can survive several passages through the human body," writes Dr. Humphry Osmond. "It is carried in the urine and some Siberian tribes have developed from this an economic body interchange, an anesthetic form of reciprocity."

Developing new and potent psychochemicals is only one of the problems facing specialists in chemical warfare. They [illegible] getting the agents to the right place, in the right concentration. "There are thousands of ways of dispersing such materials," says Dr. A. H. Zimmerman, of the defense research board. Psychochemicals might be delivered to a point hundreds or thousands of miles away by means of missiles. They could be fired from submarines far out at sea, or sprayed directly from low-flying aircraft. They could be hurled at an enemy by means of artillery or mortar shells.

Because they are invisible and virtually undetectable, psychochemicals are ideal weapons for saboteurs. A "pleasure boat" traveling along the coast by night and aided by a gentle offshore breeze could disperse gaseous material over several hundred square miles. As a prelude to an all out attack, special agents driving gas laden trucks could strike the thirty five American missile sites and discharge loads that would convert the personnel into nonfunctioning cowards. An obvious target for the psychochemicals are the various military service centres. A few years ago a harmless and delectable compound was placed in the air conditioning system of the Pentagon. It infected the entire building within three hours. If a psychochemical were to be used by an enemy, the results might be disastrous.

To contaminate the civilian population of a community, a well trained saboteur has many avenues of approach: the water supply, dairies, soft-drink plants and other sources of food and drink. Spread by stealth, the psychochemicals would be doubly dangerous. "Because virtually everyone will be affected, irrational and dangerous behavior will be accepted as normal," says Maj.-Gen. Stubbs. Dr. Bernard McNamara, an American army toxicologist, visualizes the aftermath of an at-

PARADE

Fare or foul?

A caveat *de bene* just beat her way through the bush with a delayed dispatch about the first regular winter removal of Chibougamau-Quebec returning that the snowshoe race drew six entries. Three were local enthusiasts, three were Indian lads who flew in from their trapping grounds farther north. Crowds waiting frozen-breathed at the finish line saw the three trappers take the place and show, the winner doing the three-mile course in twenty-seven minutes. Later the three local stalwarts came over the horizon — in a taxi.

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The operations of the professional gambler who thrives in horse racing lotteries crooks dice or the numbers game are all run on a one-sided business. There is naturally no chance that the operation of the game is going to lose anything. The man who always loses is the one who gets better the sucker. That's why he gets the name.

The overriding threat of illegal gambling today is that this assured income is most often applied to the maintenance of prostitution drug peddling and other forms of organized crime. The United Church recognizes and deplores this vicious trend but also believes that gambling is harmful in other ways.

When an architect completes a beautiful building a cabinetmaker finishes a piece of fine furniture a labour union boss negotiates a good contract or a farmer ploughs a straight furrow there is a natural feeling of accomplishment. Gambling and winning produces a perverted form of this feeling. It requires no investment of talent and very little of judgment since bets are made mostly at odds set by someone else's experience.

The recent proposal that the Ontario Government legalize off-track betting in an attempt to reduce illegal bookmaking has caused some sardonic amusement among the professional gamblers. For once the United Church agrees with these men.

An estimate from inside the gambling rings places the amount bet illegally on the horses in Canada at about $25 000 000 a year much of it from small bettors who often risk quite extensive credit and it may be less than the $2 track minimum. Licensed off-track betting would not get this business but it could attract many new bettors and thus unlock the potential of the bookmakers.

Lotteries have been proposed as a method of financing hospitals in this country which is just about as silly an idea as has ever been suggested. In Ireland the hospitals get 50 per cent or less of the gross from the sweepstakes. This means that for every dollar of benefit four dollars go for expenses including prizes. Even the most inefficient charity campaigns do better than that.

The pressure toward legal lotteries comes not out of concern for the betterment of hospitals but from people who would like to buy tickets on the chance of winning a fortune. There is a large element of foolishness in this too for the odds against a sweepstake ticket paying off are so staggering that the professional gambler would never play them.

It is vital that the profits of organized illegal gambling be removed from the hands of criminals. Political social legislative and judicial reforms are needed to gain this first objective. To such efforts the United Church pledges its support.

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lack on a city worth lethal gases and psychochemicals have been employed. Imagine the mass confusion and panic which would occur as partially paralyzed and psychotic survivors attempted to steal the sick, remove the dead and put the city's utilities back into operation.

Have we developed offensive specific defenses against the psychochemicals? Probably not and for good reason. To protect ourselves we have to know what we're protecting ourselves against. In a breakdown of warfare, so now we have no way of knowing, exactly what agents may be birthed at us in the event of a war. Dr. Zimmerman suggested to me "Only if we are aware of the possibilities of the psychochemicals will we know what to look for and protect ourselves against. Soon all the psychochemicals could be known in us we would have to have the means of identifying and controlling them quickly. From intercows and reading, it seems clear to me that we are far from achieving that skill. Getting again that we could detect and protect ourselves against soon all the psychochemicals could be known measures be applied quickly enough? Psychochemicals are invisible and quick-acting.

It may be as many military strategists argue that the psychochemicals hold out the hope of conducting civilized wars. For the first time in history, says Major Gen. W. M. Creasy "there is the promise—even the probability—that war will not mean death."

In spite of these assurances assaulting the human psyche with potent and little-known chemicals could have devastating results. Large numbers of people might be mentally — and permanently — affected. "Our mental hospitals, prisons and rehabilitation wards," Dr. F. James Tibbetts of the Biological and Atomic Sciences Society "are already filled with victims of the results of temporary insanity. Again if we condone the manufacture of psychochemicals non-scientific governments might effectively use them to keep entire populations under control in peacetime. But with continual research and testing, scientists will inevitably reach new levels of sophistication in chemical brainwashing. ★

HELLO, BROADWAY continued from page 26

"The curtain opened, the lights went up and we saw the audience—one solitary, embarrassed man"

tants. My usual audition nerves suddenly vanished. I was glad to be with normal people.

I didn't have long to wait. The director was anxious to see me, when he heard I was from Toronto. He was a Canadian too and told me he had worked with the CBC for years. I'll call this man Steve Kobrick. He told me of his work with Josh (known to me as Joshua Logan and Kaz Elia Kazan. Then he showed me around the theatre and pointed out the pictures of a girl who had got her start in his theatre. MGM had just signed her, he said to a seven year contract. Colombia pictures he added had just signed another of his leading ladies.

Because he had lost those two stars Kobrick said ruefully the leading role was open in the Ionesco one act play. The New Tenant. Would I be interested?

Would I? This, obviously was the show case I had been looking for. And there was Kobrick added "Five dollars a week."

Five ——

But an agent from NBC is coming in a few days.

I took the job.

Between rehearsals I went to see agents at MGM and Columbia. I told them triumphantly that I was in the theatre where they had discovered that girl. They both looked blank. They had never heard of the actresses I was talking both. I was sick with disappointment and furious at Kobrick. But I wasn't going to quit the New York stage.

Before the opening night curtain I developed a bad case of nerves which became worse when Steve told me that the man from NBC might be in the audience. He ordered my pitch and told me not to worry about forgetting my lines—he had slammed a prompter's book in a window. All I had to do was look through the window.

The curtain went up. The play began. It felt good to be acting. Then I lost my lines. A voice from the window chanted my lines. The play continued. Once more I lost my lines. I waited. There was no voice. In panic I rushed to the window. No one. I swung around to get cues from another actor. There was the prompter on stage. He was part of the cast.

I was now too shocked to recover any of my lines. Somehow I stumbled through the rest of The New Tenant adlibbing while fifty two pieces of scenery called for in the play were moved in stage. I said anything and everything to keep the play moving. The audience kept coming in. Then it was my cue and, at last, the final curtain. We waited in the wings for applause. There was none.

The cast crowded onto the stage any way. The curtain opened, the house lights went up—and we saw the audience—one solitary man and he was too embarrassed to move. Steve thought it was cheerful. He told me I was terrific. And the NBC man had just called to say that he might make it tonight but he would be coming tomorrow. Also the Theatre Guild was sending a talent scout in a few days.

If I had thought the first night was bad the second night was a nightmare. I was greeted with the news that some of the actors were completely new. They were depending on me to carry the show. I did—I had written all my cues on the inside of a huge fan. The audience was bigger at least half a dozen people, but still no agents. I decided that if Steve couldn't bring in the agents, I would. For the next six weeks I ran vocal phoned pounded doors and argued at the top of my voice until finally some of the agents promised to see me.

On stage, I appeared with new actors every night. Some of them I'm sure were actually dragged in off the street just before curtain time. Steve promised them their big break. "The once-in-a-lifetime opportunity." Reluctant stars he bribed with two dollars. To complicate matters the warm weather made the theatre unbearably hot. Steve decided to open the back doors to get more





English nurses and British [illegible] of the children for a tour on P&O Orient Lines. Photograph by Jim Hallman.

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ur. Now my biggest problem was to yell louder than the night traffic crashing down Third Avenue.

As soon the agents I did manage to get a few of them to see me. One was Carl Mangeo of the Music Corporation of America. I made myself as glamorous as I could when I called on him and no doubt he was shocked when he saw me in the theatre playing the part of an old cafe-taker. At any rate he was angry when I walked into his office the next day.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded. "I'm a very busy man."

He had been practising flipping riddly winks when I entered his office. A blonde was lounging beside his desk combing her hair.

"Are you running a talent agency or not?" I snapped.

"Yes," he sheeted. "But you aren't talent."

When I walked out the blonde was still combing her hair.

Al the theatre Kobrick began to dodge me. He knew I no longer believed his assurances that several agents had promised to attend any night now. We were playing to audiences that varied between two or three on week nights up to a couple of dozen on week ends. The biggest surprise of my New York career came when I read in a New York Times advertisement that I was playing in a big hit. The lonesome show said the od was now in its "tenth smash month." One question plagued me at first: who paid for such ads and for the cost of running the theatre when there was practically no box-office take? The answer was simple. The woman who owned the theatre rented it for movies or for one night layouts on Mondays our day off. She also rented it for two performances of the Children's Theatre on Saturday mornings, and so took in enough revenue to allow Kobrick to keep his ridiculous operation going. It kept him in show business at least, and might lead to bigger things he hoped.

Riding home on a bus one night I sat next to a woman who told me she had seen the show. She told me that she was a housewife with four children and added, "I liked your performance and I'm glad I'm going to be your replacement."

That was how I learned that Kobrick had decided to fire me. He paid me off the next night and I started job hunting again. In the meantime I decided to go to an acting school. Most professional actors keep these schools well filled while they are between jobs. An item in Show Business said that a well-known Broadway producer was auditioning. He had produced one hit several years before and since then had been running an acting school. Now, in conjunction with his school, he was planning to produce a show.

I went to his studio. The fee—for a combination audition and acting lesson—was ten dollars. There were thirty people in his studio, none of whom looked in the least like actors. A young man named Al who, I later discovered, was a drug sales man, was declaiming from Hamlet when I entered. Al finished and waited for the producer's comment.

"Fine," said the producer. Al retired with his face wreathed in smiles. A non-descript couple did a scene from Romeo and Juliet. They too waited for the producer to speak. He said, "Next!"

I gasped. Was that the coaching and comment they would get for their twenty dollars? The producer noticed my expression and said in an undertone, "You will notice I teach in a very unorthodox way."

To say the least, I thought mentally calculating his unorthodox income at $300 a night, I decided to pass up the benefit of his coaching. Incidentally, more than a year later, his play had still not been produced.

Finally I got into a good play presented by the Zacharias Workshop at the St. Mark's Playhouse. This was my introduction to "method" acting. If the role called for you to be angry, you would run around the room several times until you were short of breath. When the perspiration fell from your face, this was wonderful acting. My

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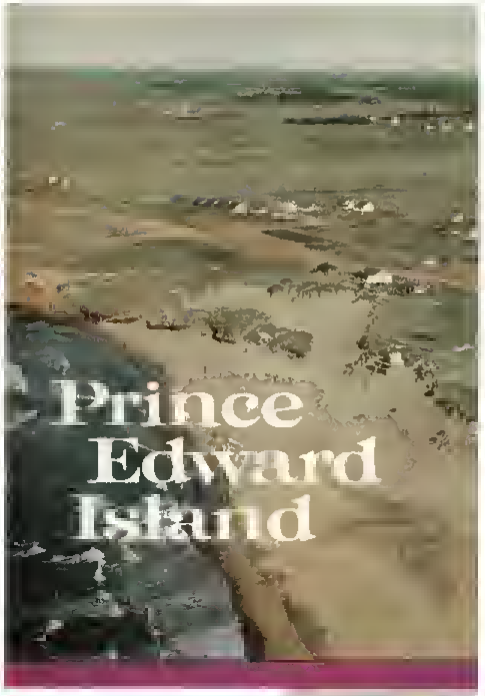
his four year old son racing about the house shooting in English, father reminded him of the ground rules but the youngster replied indignantly, "You can't play cowboys in French."

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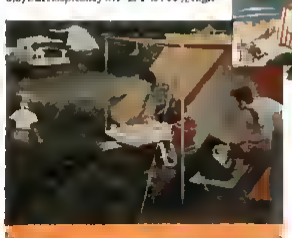
. . . just a touch of menthol drifting through the filter tip



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roin was a comical drunken woman. I liked thn roin and was anxious to give it evnry thing I had.

"No, no!" screamed thn director at everything I did.

Hn showed mn how to crib my strong voine, which I had been building up for ten years. With each rehearsal I spent hours examining each word of my fifteen lines. I nouldn't just say them; there had to be a motivn.

In my big scena I was to faint in a drunken stupor. So I fainted on the dirty floor, covered with spilled coffee and cigarette butts. Thn director said: "Huhuhuhmhmhmhm."

I fainted again. He said: "Huhmhmhm."

After the fifteenth time he sat back in his chair and said: "All right, now let's look for motives."

"You look for motives," I said. "I'm going home."

I came back, however, and finally my motives seemed to be okay. During the day before our opening night a fan inch snowfall engulfed the city. We played to ten people. Any critic or agent who might have seen the show was snowbound. The show never played again.

My spirits were at rock bottom as I trudged home in that cruel snow. But that night, by one of the strange accidents of fate, I met a professional friend later. He was dating my new roommate.

We started chatting, and soon he was reading a comedy revue I had written. He suggested I do the revue in a small theatre off Broadway. He said he had raised money for many such shows. So the nn nlanc of an off Broadway show was organized. Instead of looking for a showcase, I was creating one.

We placed an ad for actors in Show Business, and in nomn the first of hundreds of pictures and resumés. Four months later answers to this ad were still coming in. Thn actors haunted mn. One short, fat man made mn laugh just to look at him. He started to recite some of Laurence Olivier's roles. I hagged him to take a comedy role.

"Comedy," he said. "Certainly not! I'm a dramatic actor!" And he stomped out.

In two months I screened over five hundred actors. I soon learned that most of them couldn't be recognized by their photographs. One such one was Carlos. His photos showed him more handsome than Rudolph Valnntino. I was looking for that flashy smile when I called him in. I met a short man with a mop of bushy black hair and a bad complexion.

I enjoyed a small triumph when I was invited back to the top agents' offices. For the first time in months, the doors of the agencies were open to me again.

My show was beginning to take shape. We played it in churches, gymnasiums, coffee houses, any place there was an audience and a stage. After each performance I would rush home and start the agony of rewriting. After three months I felt the show was ready. But we decided it was better to wait until fall.

Then the bottom fell out of the theatrical market. Shows began closing right and left. Moderately good productions that might have lasted the season before were closing overnight. At least 200 off Broadway shows were to close in one year.

We called an emergency meeting of the production staff. The facts stared us in the face. But the others left the choice up to me. I knew the show itself could have done fairly well. There was nothing wrong with it. But there was something wrong with me. Suddenly I knew I couldn't beat New York for another day.

I boarded the Toronto train one night carrying five halfboxes and violin one guitar and a bags, sack of music and linguine with bulk pieces of string. I had earned the right to look like a circus performer. The joke was I still didn't know the secret of getting the big break in show business. Perhaps the magic formula is seventy five percent hard work, another seventy five percent luck, and still another seventy five percent destiny.

I know it doesn't add up, but that's show business. ★

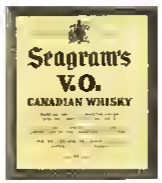
JASPER **By Simpkins**



"For goodness' sake, wake up! You'll be late for summer!"

VOX POPULI

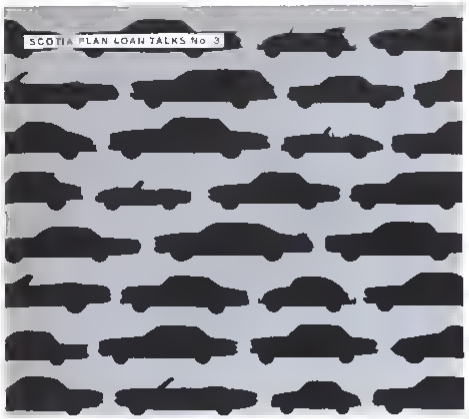
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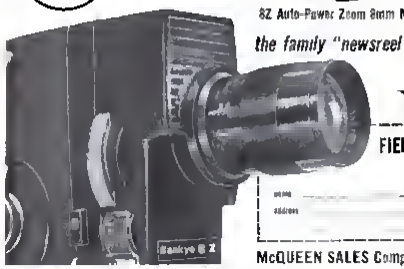
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"I don't think there is such a thing as a woman's viewpoint," says the Liberals' only woman member

powerful governmental in the country's history stopped cold."

Pauline Jewett, by contrast, is an egghead. Her platform manner is quiet, thoughtful, scholarly. On the day that Miss LaMarsh was reeking off the Tories on trade policy, Miss Jewett was quietly explaining, to a group of Liberal leaders in her riding how and why she differed ideologically from the New Democratic Party. She used in her explanation such sentences as "I tend to be an emotional egalitarian." Also by contrast she is a Jeannie-come-lately to her party. Like many other academics, she was urged—and somewhat inclined — to join the New Party in its embryonic stages. But after more than a year of mind searching, which ended sometime in 1959, she decided her sympathies were with the Liberals. Last summer she took her sabbatical leave from the chairmanship of Carleton University's department of political science to work full time on seeking, and eventually winning, the party's nomination in Northumberland, her mother's home county and an area she knew and loved from her childhood summers.

All of which overemphasizes their differences. If no egghead Judy LaMarsh is no blockhead. She has, as just one example, drafted the longest private member's bill in remembered parliamentary history, an intricate and thoughtful series of proposals on copyright. And if Pauline Jewett is no Henry Tinmon—she is no slouch as a campaigner. To win the nomination she stumped Northumberland's towns, villages and farms for months, knocking on doors and leaning on fences, muddying her car and dirtying her boots and meeting, she estimates, nearly a thousand people; she won the support of enough of them that her nominating convention fatigued in the riding's history was almost no contest. (When a speaker was extolling the family virtues of one of her opponents a man yelled from the audience: "I'll marry Pauline.")

On a recent trip to Ottawa and Northumberland I asked each of these two members of the Liberals' female brain trust what they thought the most important issues of the coming election would be. Their answers were quite similar—and notably indeterminate. Judy LaMarsh quickly named unemployment and trade, though it would be hard to separate them: "How did she feel about nuclear arms for Canada?" Reluctantly: "I'd be willing to go along with them," she said, "if that were necessary for the preservation of NORAD. I'm not a unilateral disarmer. If that's what you mean." What about the Voice of Women? "I don't belong, although I've defended them to the House. I don't think they should be unilateral disarmers. I do think they can exert a force for good, but I think they ought to have a lot more members—as many as half a million—before they try to take such strong stands. I don't think they can bypass their own government or the United Nations." That won't work. Miss LaMarsh also talked about medicare, training, university education, health and welfare and the problem of the aged. ("I feel [they] don't think there should be an arbitrary retirement age.")

Miss Jewett named—not in this order—social security, health insurance, "I favor a plan whereby all people will be comprehensively covered," and, in her somewhat professorial phrase, "the distribution of income in society. What about nuclear arms? That is a decision we'll have to make in conjunction with other nations. We have to move toward arms control and the best way, obviously, is not to get involved ourselves. But we are not the same as Africans or Asians; our set of values is rather closely connected with those of the United States and the United Kingdom. We'd be kidding ourselves to say we could become the neutralists. The Voice of Women? "They take a very strong position. I'm in sympathy with any humanitarian position, but at the same time I'm aware of the problems of power."

If not on nuclear arms, wouldn't she consider herself a little left of the Liberal party on some other points? "I'm so undoctrinaire that I won't have any difficulty fitting in. I think the Liberal party provides a reasonably congenial home for people who are concerned with the social and economic structure of society. I don't think, for instance, that government intervention is *per se* a good thing, so I'm not a socialist. My socialist colleagues in fact think of me as good old middle-of-the-road." Pauline did feel that what some government intervention on a planned basis, not the kind the present government does of responding to immediate pressures, is a good thing.

A veteran at Varsity

Whatever her ideas, Judy LaMarsh is probably the only MP, male or female, in history who has been capable of doing an architectural drawing with Japanese captions—one not too practical result of her variegated preparliamentary career. Miss LaMarsh's father was an Ontario lawyer who built a successful practice first in Chatham where she was born and then in the Niagara peninsula where she grew up. At seventeen, as a graduate of the Stamford Collegiate Vocational Institute, she tried to join the air force—it was 1942—and was turned down because of bad eyes. She spent a year in normal school in Hamilton, graduating with unspectacular marks, but a primary teaching certificate. Still determined to see something of the war and the world, she tried again to enlist and this time was accepted by the Canadian Women's Army Corps. Her aptitude tests to her surprise showed a talent for drafting and the army sent her to Toronto to learn to make architectural drawings for the engineers. As the war in the Pacific began to go the Allies' way there was a need for Japanese interpreters. Private LaMarsh volunteered, was accepted and sent to Vancouver to be trained (while she can no longer read or write Japanese she recently surprised a trade delegation from Japan by speaking a few sentences to them in their own language). She went on to Camp Ritchie, Maryland, to serve with a combined British U.S.-Canadian intelligence team. For a year and a half she worked on sorting and translating captured Japanese documents and trying unsuccessfully to wangle an assignment overseas. In March 1946, with the rank of sergeant, she picked up her veteran's benefits and left for the University of Toronto.

As an undergraduate in the exciting years of the veterans, Miss LaMarsh joined the campus Liberal club, worked on the student newspaper ("I was the worst headwriter in its history. I can even sympathize with some of the things the headlines have said about me.") ran dances and did well enough in her courses, including



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ing astronomy to pass into Osgoode Hall law school. There she did admirably (the Osgoode gold key listed in her official biography is for extracurricular activities she discreetly admits) and in 1950 a year she was president of the senior class, she graduated as a lawyer and joined her father's firm.

With the ink barely dry on her diploma, Miss LaMarsh created a small furor in legal circles by telling a bar meeting that conditions in some Ontario magistrate's courts were disgraceful—a subject she still feels strongly about. But whatever the conditions, she worked successfully amid them—on everything from criminal law (including four murder cases) to municipal affairs (her father's specialty). She also kept up her whirlwind extracurricular interests, so that during the Fifties she was, though not all at the same time, a director of the Toronto-Niagara Council Hospital budget chairman of the district community chest, president of the Niagara Frontier Canadian Club, secretary of the IODE, secretary-treasurer of the Niagara Falls Bar Association and secretary-treasurer of the Ontario Federation of Law Associations.

In 1957 her father died and she took over the practice herself. In 1960, on the death of the sitting MP for Niagara Falls, a Liberal, she won a rugged campaign for nomination and an even more rugged one for election. One of her particular targets was the labor vote in Niagara's hundred-odd factories. "I went into as many as I could. I used to call up in advance and ask for permission, which I'd usually get on the condition that the other candidates came in as well. I spent as long as six hours in some plants and some days my hands got so dirty from greeting men on the assembly lines that toward the end of my visit I'd be giving dirt to them." She won more than fifty percent of the vote.

Miss LaMarsh has since become one of the busiest backbenchers in the Commons, speaking frequently on unemployment—a vital issue in her own nonindustry—on defense and occasionally on a matter of other subjects. In the debate over amendments to the capital punishment sections of the Criminal Code, Justice Minister Fulton needled her with suggesting that people who kill police officers or jailguards be subject to the death penalty, a clause which was adopted by the House.

Does she bring a woman's viewpoint to the Liberal caucus? "I don't think there is such a thing as a woman's viewpoint," she says, "and I tried rapidly to put an end to suggestions that that's what I was in Ottawa for. I do think women are better suited for some things than men. Women are nit-pickers and good at detailed work, like the homework and organization I had to do before writing my copyright bill, which is an attempt to prod the government into action as much as anything. One of the things I like about politics is the influence you have. I like people and I like working with them. Nearly all my friends as I grow older are in politics. I like being right at the heart of things."

So does Pauline Jewett now that she's out on the hustings. Until her direct involvement in politics, Miss Jewett's career was much quicker than Miss LaMarsh's. Born and raised in St. Catharines, Ont., she went on to take an honors BA, then an MA at Queen's University in Kingston. Half way through her course (she had begun studying philosophy) she discovered political science—"and I knew I'd found my true forte, until then I'd wanted to be a lawyer, or perhaps a teacher, and when I found this subject I was as excited as I am now actually to be a part of it." From Queen's Miss Jewett accepted a fellowship at Radcliffe College, the distaff half of Harvard, and took up a part-time teaching assignment at nearby Wellesley, also a girls' college. After two years at Radcliffe and Wellesley she returned to Queen's to teach and complete her PhD thesis (on the Wartime Prices and Trade Board) and discovered that in at least one of her classes all the students, veterans, were older than she was. She left Queen's (not out of embarrassment) for a year at Oxford and the London School of Economics, then returned to join the staff of young and growing Carleton University in Ottawa. It was and is a very gratifying place to be, she says. "When I first started, our entire teaching staff was smaller than that of the economics department at Yale, but we were full of ideas and enthusiasm, and all the different disciplines rubbed against each other." A few years ago she was offered the post of dean of women at Queen's, but was too eminent at Carleton to leave.

In politics Dr. Jewett has remained something of the academic fascinated by ideas for moment of argument. Undogmatic. She admits in fact to seeing part of her role as a public person as that of an educator. During her informal discussion with the labor leaders of her riding I jotted down this quotation—and I'm a little as if I were taking lecture notes—"You can't justify these things (low wages at a local factory) on moral grounds. You can't justify them on economic grounds either, you know. You can prove—as economists can prove—that wages like this are bad for the economy as a whole."

But Jewett is rapidly becoming a pretty fair grass-roots politician too—and loving it. Her speeches at the election draws nearer are getting more and more political and less and less philosophical. Recently she spoke to a group of Liberals in Trenton—"the four Ds are Debt, Deficit, Diefenbaker and Depression"—and the chairman of the meeting said it was the best political speech he had ever heard. She is boning up on the farm problems that interest the people of Northumberland, where she is living, and she is shaking an awesome number of hands.

If she can shake enough—and enough convictions, she figures there are more Tories than Liberals in her county—to win the riding, and if Judy LaMarsh can repeat in Niagara Falls, Liberal nunnuses of the future will feel the effect of two strong and lively feminine voices. The ideas these voices present won't be feminine at all. ★

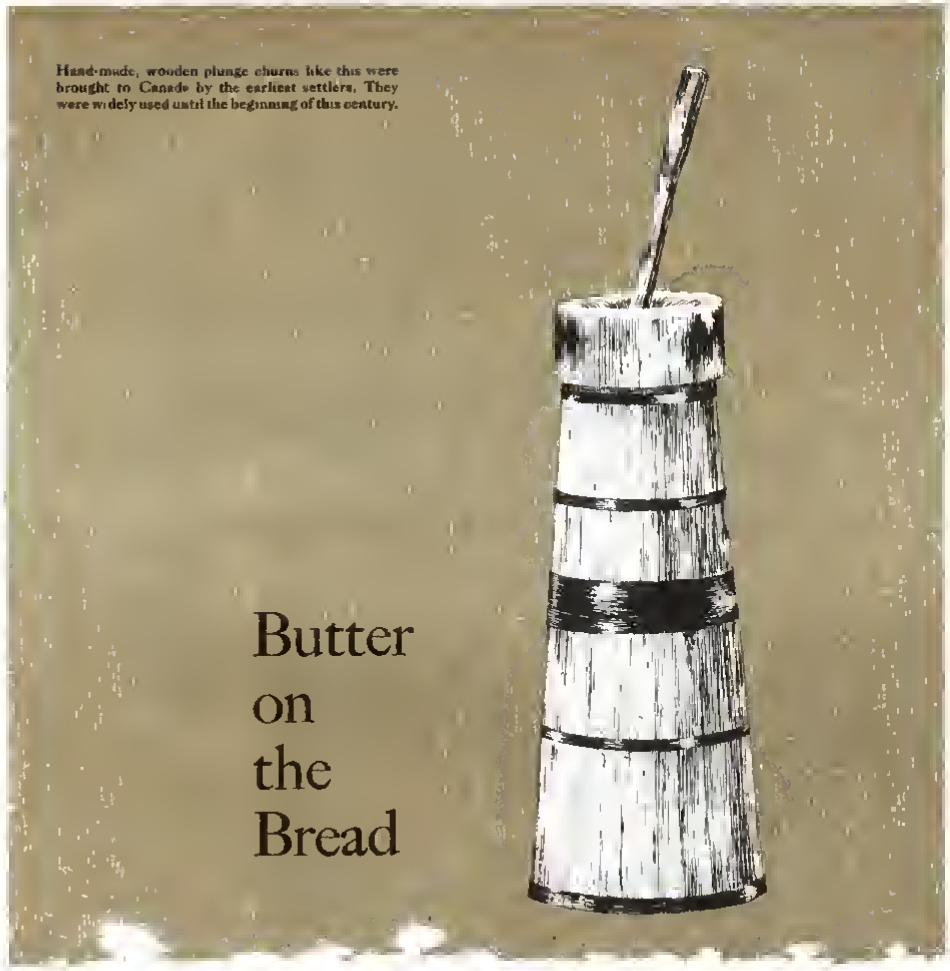
PARADE

The final twist

After five weeks of a contest for twist dancers in Ottawa, an eighteen-year-old girl who had twisted her way right to the finals danced for a non-top half-hour then fainted dead away. She revived to find she had been declared winner. Her prize? Ten hours of dancing instruction at an Ottawa studio.



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THE PULP AND PAPER INDUSTRY OF CANADA

"What we need is an earthquake," said one of the Arctic scientists. Two days later, he got one

another month, intrusion on the surface.

These tremendous earth probes will give the scientists a chance to work backwards to establish the facts. "The core from the Muskox hole," says Dr. Charles Smith, a member of the petrological sciences division of the geological survey, "will fill 400 boxes each five feet long, and will probably contain between fifteen and twenty different types of rock. Each will be representative of rocks that cooled at different periods after the material was forced up. Knowing this, we will be able to study how the chemical elements split up as they cooled. We will know how the economic minerals have behaved during this process. We will even know how and where they have moved. This will enable us to work backwards and use this information as a prospecting tool."

Even after going down two miles the drill point at Muskox will still be thirty-five miles short of the main body of the mantle. But the Americans are making a spectacular effort to reach the mantle directly with their giant Mohole Project. They plan to drill from an offshore platform anchored about 100 miles off the west coast of Mexico. The earth crust is many times thinner there than under dry land. They hope, by drilling about 15,000 feet down, to break into the great mass of mantle and determine once and for all its exact substance.

Such deep drilling will bring the scientists to the fringe of other problems, particularly heat. The earth's temperature rises by one degree centigrade for every 100 feet of depth. At 10,000, points out Dr. Smith, the atmosphere in a South African diamond mine which he visited recently would be roasting hot without air conditioning. Even in 8,000-foot-deep mines at Kirkland Lake the walls are hot to touch.

At such depths, the tremendous pressure of earth might halt effective drilling. The Muskox hole might be laterally closed by plastic rock being squeezed into it under the pressure of thousands of feet of overlying rock. To cope with these and other difficulties — many probably unforeseen even now — the drillers will have to develop a host of new techniques and ultimately revolutionary machines. The gravity division of the department of mines is working on a tiny gravity-measuring machine which, if perfected, will be lowered thousands of feet into drill holes where it will report minute differences in gravity pull. "Gravity," says Dr. C. S. Beals, chief astronomer at the Dominion Observatory, "is typical of the problems that face us. We don't have the faintest idea what causes it."

Canadian university scientists are working on another equally tough problem. So far there's no way of recording the temperature in a really deep drill hole because the wire holding the recording instrument will not carry the temperature reading accurately to the surface.

Boring or burrowing into the earth is an essential step in the search for the mantle in much the same way as it is necessary to send men orbiting the earth in capsules to find out about space. Fortunately, knowledge of the earth's interior can also be obtained without boring or drilling at all. During 1962 the chief seismologist at the Dominion Observatory, Dr. John Hodgson, will be working hard to get a special grid of manned seismic stations completed. They will be 500 miles apart and equipped to record every tremor within the earth. Most will have probe holes for earth temperature instruments 1,000 to 2,000 feet down. The operators of the stations, some of which are already at work, will send daily reports to Ottawa. Their instruments are so sensitive that the first three stations, on Cornwallis, Ellesmere and Prince Patrick Islands, accurately told where the Russians exploded their last series of nuclear bombs and how big the bombs were. The stations are what one seismologist called "a great electrocardiograph machine of earth."

To a seismologist any shock wave tells a story of the material it has passed through. During the recent Chilean earthquakes seismic stations in Canada received some waves which had passed deeply through the earth while others, arriving much later, had rippled along the surface. Some shock waves travel only through water, others only through land. About six months ago Columbia University scientists were trying to check some details about the extent of the continental mass projecting under the Arctic ice. "What we need is an earthquake in that area," said



PARADE
The last bite

There's a house rule at a home in Tecumseh, Ont., requiring the family two-and-a-half-year-old to stay at the supper table until his meal is finished; if he runs away to play leaving food unfinished, under no circumstance will he get anything more to eat till breakfast. Trouble is, he invariably discovers he's



hungry later, and then the pleading begins. "May I have some cookies?" was his first attempt the other evening. Turned down, he went back to his fleet of toy cars for a spell, then returned to the kitchen to ask, "Could I have a special sandwich?" No go. Finally he made a third try, eyes large, limpid and beseeching: "I would like some bread for the birds."

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one of the scientists excitedly. The earthquake came two days later. Three northern stations relayed the information to Ottawa. The Columbia men had their answer within seventy-two hours.

The grid of seismic stations about thirty in all will enable scientists to draw underground profiles of the material between the crust and the mantle itself. Dr. Hodgson and his colleagues without using the grid have already discovered that thrust forces in the mountains of the world are not working as expected. The individual faults deep inside the mountains are actually moving horizontally as well as vertically. The source of these faults is a major geophysical mystery. Only theory now gaining acceptance is that all the crust is constantly on the move like an enormous, imperfectly slow moving sea. But how to prove this?

Dr. Morley and his colleagues of the Geological Survey are laboriously collecting rocks from all over Canada and gathering information about magnetic intensities. The rocks in one of their recent collections from the Canadian Shield indicated that the magnetic north pole lay in several di-

PARADE

The mail always gets through to somebody

A recent advertisement for Canada in general-interest magazines in this magazine invited readers to fill in a postpaid asking for name, address when the annual should start and dismissal date. "I understand that information given will be strictly confidential," read the last line on the card. One received by the labor department in Ottawa from a married woman in a town in Nova Scotia arrived with the following left blank the word "confidential" underlined and a footnote: "Do a postal

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ferent directions. This seemed like a confirmation but unluckily was further proof of the movement of the earth's crust over the mysterious mantle. "The theory is," says Morley, "that when these rocks were originally molten with the tiny magnetic particles in them settling as they cooled and becoming aligned in the direction of the prevailing magnetic field or toward the magnetic north pole. Morley and his men calculate the ages of such rocks then they estimate the position of the pole at that age in the earth's history.

This sort of work is providing, sometimes incredible results. Canada the investigators now believe was once a part of Europe. India was joined to Africa but has drifted away. One recent theory proposed by Montana university professor Ray Woodruff even has it that the moon's gravitational pull is powerful enough to raise mountains in much the same way it physically raises tides. The entire crust of the earth may well be a thin and intensely unstable skin. As it has moved the crust has been crumpled and twisted till now it is such a complicated mass of different rocks that it will take us one hundred years to sort it all out—according to Dr. Smith.

Despite the chaotic complexity Dr. Cliff Stockwell a special projects scientist with the Geological Survey is laboriously building up a vast tectonic map of all Canada—a construction plan of the crust area. It will tell where subterranean rocks are located and will give the dates the rocks were disrupted from the positions in which they solidified from the molten state.

His work will be speeded by an aeromagnetic survey of Canada, which began last year with the federal government cooperating with the governments of Quebec and Ontario. This survey is done by airplanes equipped with magnetometers which measure the magnetic field of the earth. Since the scientists already know the magnetic susceptibility of all rocks, they merely have to measure how the emanations are distorted to know roughly what lies below.

Like much work connected with the mysterious mantle, this is not an exact science. "It's a bit like trying to tell what's going on in a cabinet meeting," says Dr. Harris, "by watching the expressions on the faces of the ministers coming out of the meeting room." The survey will take ten years to complete. "But when it's done," says Dr. Morley, "it'll be just what an X-ray is to a doctor, a sort of vast diagnostic picture in depth."

Already the earth detectives have run into some seemingly baffling problems without going as much underground. For instance, the Canadian Shield is known to be about 3.5 billion years old and to predate nearly all rock elsewhere in the world. Yet there are numerous pockets of rock only a couple of hundred million years old spotted across the shield. Some of these even have fossils in them. How they got there is a mystery now possibly explained by the theory that the shield must have been covered with ocean which washed away deposits of sand onto it. These later turned to rock. The ocean retreated and erosion swept the shield clean again, but left the pockets of relatively new rock.

Even when scientists get a chance to personally check such incidents from the deep past they still encounter formidable difficulties. Dr. Victor Ann Meen of the Royal Ontario Museum led the first expedition to the large crater known as the Chubb east of Hudson Bay in 1951 in an attempt to determine whether it was caused by a meteor or an old volcano. Savage weather conditions meant he had less than four weeks in which an amphibious airplane could land his crew on a near by lake. Working rapidly he and his colleagues analysed rocks made seismic soundings, looked for any clues which would suggest the existence of a meteorite perhaps thousands of feet under the crater lake. They got proof that the crater was caused by a meteor barely twenty four hours before a blizzard forced them to leave the area.

At first look there doesn't seem to be much relationship between a meteor from outer space and a hound of men digging holes in the ground. But the relationship is close even dramatic. "According to mathematical theory," says Dr. S. C. Robinson chief of the petrological sciences division of the Geological Survey of Canada, "there should be a planet between Jupiter and Mars. But there isn't. Instead there's a belt of asteroids, or minor planets."

About five billion years ago astronomers now suggest some great cosmic accident caused the disintegration of the missing planet. Perhaps it was a collision with a comet. The planet exploded into asteroids and meteors. Chunks of this cosmic debris have been circling the sun ever since. Now and then pieces of it hit the earth.

Some of the hits have been gigantic. One, about a mile in diameter, may have blasted out 25,000 square miles of Hudson Bay. Another may be responsible for much of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. One meteor hit eastern Siberia in 1908 and its impact was heard a thousand miles away. It destroyed 100 square miles of forest.

The Chubb meteor which the Ontario Museum's Dr. Meen investigated must have created an almost perfect simulation of a fifty megaton nuclear explosion. It blasted a two-mile wide crater which by Meen's measure was more than 1,300 feet deep. It must have cracked the earth's crust perhaps nine down to the mantle thirty miles below.

If the meteors are remnants of an exploded planet then they likely consist of the same materials as earth itself. They are certainly of two basic types: one consisting of rock like our hypothetical mantle material, the other consisting of nickel and iron, the material that is supposed to make up the core of the earth.

"So, theoretically," says one scientist, "all we have to do is analyse these fragments and we'll be finding out exactly what's deep inside our own planet." The concept has eerie undertones. When Dr. Jim Harrison, director of the Geological Survey of Canada, was showing a visitor a large piece of core type meteorite in his Ottawa laboratory recently, he pointed out how highly polished the iron was along a line where it had been cut for demonstration purposes. The visitor struck the fragment with his fist and produced a strong, ringing sound like a huge gong being struck. "It gives me the feeling that it's man made," the visitor said. "It gives me the feeling," said Harrison, "that there are worlds out there similar to ours."

Unfortunately meteor fragments are very scarce even though as Dr. Peter Millman of the National Research Council has calculated about 100 meteorites hit Canada every year. So far scientists have



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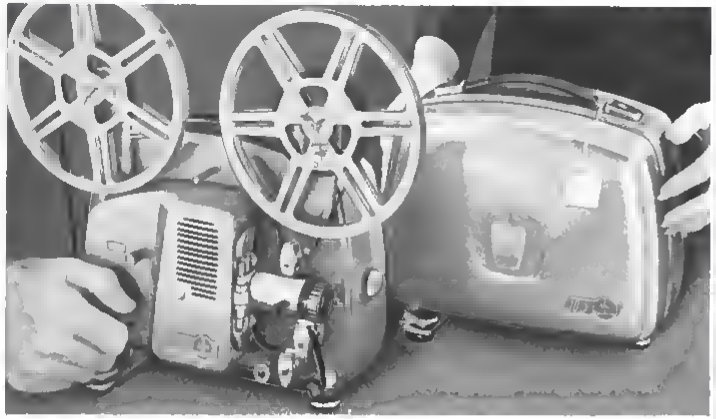
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Bolex introduces a remarkable new projector that makes all others slightly obsolete.

The new Bolex 18-5 Projector is built by the same Swiss craftsmen who have made Bolex cameras famous for precision. The 18-5 is petite (about the size of a pop up toaster) yet has every desirable feature of bulkier machines. And a new kind of slow motion gives this projector a definite edge over any other.

With a fine disregard for planned obsolescence, the Bolex people have not altered the design of their 8 mm projector for eight years. Until now.

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only located about one tail every ten years. One U S. scientist financed years of research by selling bits of a large fragment he found, at prices of up to $1,000 for chunks weighing 200 pounds or so.

Sometimes the competition to get fragments can be fierce—and funny. When a meteorite exploded and fell high over Alberta in early March 1960, Dr. R. E. Fallinsbee of the geology department of the University of Alberta jumped into his car and set out for the scene. The fragments had fallen over a wide area, three miles long and four miles wide, but Fallinsbee wanted every piece of it.

To his chagrin, the biggest piece had been picked up by a farmhand who had trucked pieces of it to a local hangout for a wild night on the town. "It's a sign of the times," said one scientist, "that it's now possible to get drunk on earth at the expense of the solar system."

Though analysing meteorites is not a satisfactory way of checking the earth's interior, it will be useful in a long time to come. The difficulties of getting into the earth are formidable as the Americans are already discovering. When they put down two exploratory holes, both over 600 feet in Pacific bedrock off the western American coast recently, as preludes to the giant Mohole Project, they found after the drills were temporarily withdrawn that they couldn't find the holes. Six hundred feet is one fifth of the distance they must go down. So Mohole is stalled awaiting a solution.

Regardless of difficulties, though, all the earth project scientists are elated at the prospects ahead. Says Dr. W. F. van Steenhagh, director-general of the scientific services division of the department of mines: "Till now the atom people have had it all their own way. Now it's our turn."

When the earth scientists meet in Berkeley at the end of 1963, they will discuss vast problems, and probably looming in the future. Some Russian scientists have speculated that the Arctic ice cap might be melted to create a northern sea for navigation and commerce. The Americans feel this is madness. They say it would cause the most fearsome ice age ever known, which would overwhelm Siberia and the North American continent.

Didn't scientists are talking about the chances of tapping and harnessing the almost limitless heat power of the earth, which would make polar ice melting projects quite feasible and which could drastically change the world's climate.

Whether these men reach the mantle by 1964 or not, the search for it won't stop till answers are found to its mysteries. The answers may come from deep in the earth or they may fall on us from outer space. "The first man on the moon could give us vital information in the search," says one geological survey scientist.

The scientists aren't letting a trick pass in their search. Dr. Bob Baragar, geologist at the Yellowknife office, has alerted all civil and private pilots in the Yukon to watch for unexplained dark marks on the snow and ice "frozen lakes. In this way he hopes to track down meteorites that have fallen unseen and so pick up one more clue in the detective story that leads to the mysterious mantle. ★

"My grandmother, in her mid-eighties, went to the beach each Sunday. Hundreds watched her bathe"

mid-eighties would have thought of today's summer cottages. A Presbyterian stonecrippled with rheumatism, she would not have approved even of the sybaritic comfort of not having to thread her way past the sawhorses and the woodpile through the birches and to the convenience.

We travelled the ninety miles to our cottage at Lake Cotlyle in a great McLaughlin monster driven by my oldest brother. My mother and grandmother sat in the front seat with him; my two younger brothers and I in the back, strewn over the tops of hunks and suitcases and cardboard boxes. Quite generally it rained when we entered the Kirkby Flats and I was car sick and threw up.

I can see my grandmother clearly now with her great arthritic knuckles bleached over the top of her cane, the cameo clarity of her hawk face over the black velvet band that circled her throat — quite expressionless until words or ass we slid and slod and slud over the greasy Kirkby Flats.

Several miles before the actual revelation of water there occurred what was a wonderful thing for a Saskatchewan prairie boy: the live smell of it put on upon the July air. Even I appreciated how an Arab with very dry nostrils feels when he approaches an oasis. Soon we were enclosed by the pine-lined murky with the smell of it, until presently mingled with another fragrance: the wild smell of black skin and the bitter-sweet of willow smoke and Dill Hunt pipe tobacco impregnating clothes. That was Sheep Skin, a patient and quite humorless Indian with a deep and mystical regard of alien amusement seated in the shade by the rail which turned off to our cottage, surrounded by lard pails of saskatoons and wild strawberries and wild raspberries. He held his youngest child in his lap, her black velvet bonnet redraggle and aglean with hundreds — no thousands of flies. It stunned the imagination as Indian belly put up did enough to work in a haircut you'd wait a thousand fifty dollars and an hr. to get just to be cut!

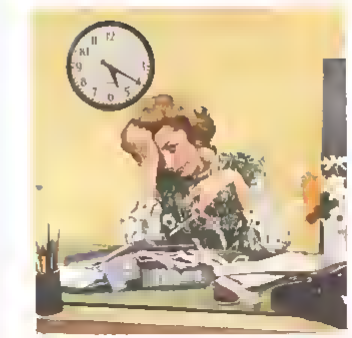
The frogs' revenge

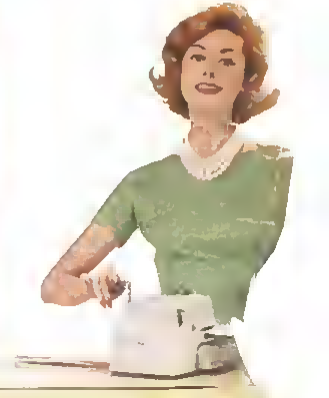
My grandmother loved the cottage. She sat on its screened verandah and watched the vast morning world begin its way to Sandy Beach, Crescent Beach, Long Beach. She played more cards — rummy, Uckre, pitch bags, rummy — during the two months of the cottage than she did during the rest of the year. And she went down to the beach each Sunday afternoon to bathe, making it with my mother and her cousin Ida, who was Polish. She sat there in the lake in her navel and she bathed — basically. The soap from lapped about her middle as she went over her neck and back and arms and legs with the washcloth. Children splashed and dogs paddled around her. Several hundred people on the beach watched her. They were rampish, for in my youth no bathing suit was worn by a woman who wore her velvet neck band and the all-black hat, parts that had not gone. She was the only mother on the beach wearing a black velvet neck band and a Queen Mary hat, a high black straw affair with a polished jet gadget like a miniature coach lamp fitted to the top rim.

After her bath she would sit in the shade of the birches at the top of the beach and give me a dime to buy two of those great munaiths, stickers cast in the shape of a round coin. She was very fond of these stickers. Sheep Skin was too.

To buy these stickers and ice cream cones and pop my brother and I went into business. The first business selling them at a cent a piece. We generally sold between a hundred and two hundred frogs an afternoon during the week and as many as five hundred on a Saturday or a Sunday. This ran into a great many frogs which we kept in a great reservoir behind the cottage. My brother was very good at selling, so it was usually he who left the cottage with a large lard pail holding over a hundred frogs and strung on a stick over his shoulder at least a small pail pails, into which he could transfer each customer's purchase. Ice, fifteen more often twenty live frogs.

Mail sorting time, two o'clock at the front of post-office part of the hotel was a good place for frog sales. Here, just as they came up from the beach people in their bathing suits and bath robes usually bare footed, waited before the mail wicket. Mostly they were young girls anxious for departmental exam results. Normal School certificates, or letters from some boy who had strayed forlornly behind in their home town. Among the proper indexes of the lab





When I think of me—stuck with stamp sticking!

"Mother taught me manners. I got all A's in English. Slaved at secretarial school to become a speedy steno. I could make a chequebook come out even. I read good books, took long walks, and ate my greens and proteins. And there I was, low girl in a busy little office. With lick-and-stick mailing every print.

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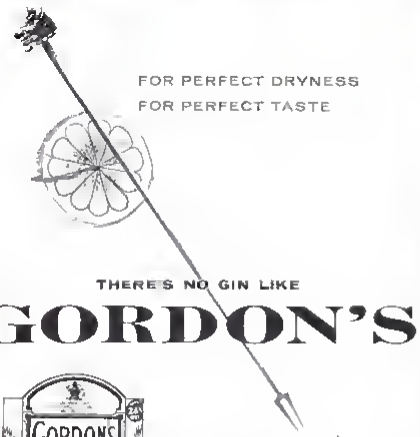
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them were mutterings about the impropriety of all this feminine seemingly in the hotel at mail time. The bench was the place for a hotel was not. One August Saturday afternoon in 1928 my brother fixed that up for the balance of the summer.

Ordinarily he left the master frog pail down by the hotel dock, but for some reason he took it into the hotel with him that day. Between the grocery counter and the letter rack were tall life-sized portraits of bathing girls with rabbit noses and rubber butterflies on their rubber bathing caps my brother dubbed his toe as wits tripped, and went flat on his face. The frog pail hit the floor and sprang its lid, empty, eight four gallons of water and two hundred frogs among the bare feet and legs of at least seventy girls. The girls leaped noisily, the frogs leaped through silently. One of the Wyshnen MacIntyre girls made it from the top of the grocery counter to the top of a pyramid display of Rogers Golden Syrup tins, but only momentarily. The beautiful Boswell twins from Brandon scaled the lattice, part torn and dropped lightly down on the ice cream parlor side, only to find more leaping frogs there, both jumped in unison to the top of a table where a honeymooning couple from Arcola were having a banana split. All this confusion did not help my brother down on his hands and knees trying to recapture some of his merchandise. The owner of the hotel who had the restraint of Buster Keaton told my mother that frogs dead and alive kept showing up in the dining room, the ice cream parlor, the grocery and post office sections for two weeks after. He also said that the next time my brothers or I turned over the ranee with its fishern sail and leeboards out in the middle of the lake there would be a five dollar towing charge for the hotel launch when it went out to retrieve us—up till that time the hotel launch had come for us for nothing. As well, we were not to sell frogs in the hotel or on the hotel dock any more. The latter was rather unfair of him, and we knew why he had just bought his son a twenty-five dollar minnow net.

The frogs' decline

Once the hotel owner's son, Kenny was in attendance, the bottom dropped out of frogs for a minnow would entertain frogs on pickerel or pike five to one. My brother filled his hand at several things. He dived and swam in the bay for sunken outboard motors at a dollar a dive. Until my mother found out, he rented hers, my grandmother's, my Aunt Jessie's, my cousins', and any other bathing suits he could find.

The hotel owner hired me to take the ticket in his great barn paint red dance pavilion where Mart Kenney's orchestra played nightly. This gave me prestige especially with a Williston North Dakota girl scout (Troop Ninety) who allowed me to kiss her in mid-green Peterborough canoe in the middle of the lake when I was fourteen, and another girl who had done third calls with Chautauqua but had left the circuit to spend the rest of the summer with her aunt on Sands Beach.

There seemed to be more people around the dance hall than inside it. They stood silent except for sharp slaps as they hit at mosquitoes under the dark trees. In with the phosphorescent wink of fireflies. Young men in ringed with great ball-bottomed trousers enveloping their shoes from heel to toe, hair slicked back and lacquered with brilliantine, the aroma of their Mill Banks carried upon the night air. The Indians watched too. Sheep Skin always among them with his pursed down-curving mouth and eyes dark with some inner amusement—at us. Every once in a while he would loose a faint grunt from deep in his throat. Then too, there was always the MacIntyre lookout, a boy or a girl sent outside to watch for Mr. or Mrs. MacIntyre for they were Baptists and disapproved of dancing. They must have thought their girls attended a hell of a lot of wiener roasts and beach parties for the MacIntyre girls never missed a night at the dance hall. The lookout was to whistle three short whistles for danger, but the early warning system did not function too smoothly after a number of false whistlers discovered the delight of seeing a MacIntyre girl leave her partner in mid-dance.

For many of our earlier years at the cottage our neighbor was an English lady old almost as my grandmother. She had a habit happy laugh that skittered down the scale and burst clear with the words, "how love leh." She was an interesting person to me for she said that her father had been personal surgeon to Charles Dickens.

She had a precise sense of property and one day firmly ordered my youngest brother and me to keep away from her cherry cherries. We did, though we resented it.

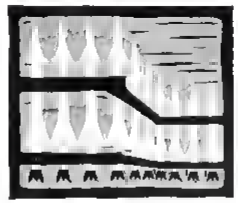
I have realized in later years that she had no intention of being unfriendly or unneighborly. Her cherry trees were not in fact away from the convenience. The impropriety of two boys so near had offended her delicate feelings. My brother and I did not realize this as we sat on our bark step and stared out toward her cottage, a rather pretentious one for the lake with a door that had what no other such door at the lake had—a square glazed window.

I heard the screen on the cottage one door slap at the doorway. August stillness up the path past the chekecherry bushes one negligee walked with upright dignity. The outhouse door opened and quickly closed. I slipped into the cottage, on heaven or hell knows what demonic impulse and returned with my Uncle Davy air rifle. My brother and I then besieged her, taking turns with a satisfying ringing ping as the bee bees hit the window. She was truly irked at boy modesty would not permit her to come out and confront us with the enormity of what we were doing, yet the repetitive outrage was insupportable.

The door behind us opened, my grandmother held out her hand for the bee bee gun, my brother, whose turn it happened to be, gave it up. The outhouse door opened. As one, my brother and I dived under our cottage, whence we could see my grandmother confronted—the bee bee gun in her hand—by the angry Savonnach. My grandmother did not squeal on us. I know this because I was invited into our neighbor's cottage several times after the incident—but my grandmother was not ever again invited near her ice.

Perhaps the picture windowed, insulated, electrified, central heated, air conditioned summer cottage of today is a status symbol—but only for parents, nothing could make it so for children. And there is a hidden dividend in a summer cottage. Last summer in the Okanagan I visited a Canadian journalist crippled with rheumatism. He sat on his front porch surrounded by innumerable, creepers and crawlers and toddlers and teenaged water skiers. There is no new thing under the sun. The summer cottage persists as a beautiful lure. When your sons and daughters have not thus. He form penis a cottage on the lake with its cluster of satellite cabins will draw them from anywhere on the continent with their babies and your grandchildren for the two summer months.

There's this lovely sailing lake northeast of Vernon with a beach of pinest white sand waterfront property is still only thirty dollars a foot, flat and within a mile in British Columbia, and for about six thousand dollars... ★



THE LAST DAYS OF NORAD

Continued from page 18

After the H-bomb? Try hitting the enemy with an entire planet

wag calls the "I won't hit first-unless you do" school.

At the same time efforts to achieve some kind of retaliatory power invulnerable to enemy attack have driven the military thinkers in some bizarre directions. One group of American researchers has broached the possibility of basing nuclear missiles on the moon. They would be safe there because an earth's weapon launched at them would take some forty-eight hours to reach the lunar installation giving the moon based operators plenty of time to dispatch their weapons against the attacker. Because of the moon's lighter gravitational pull the earthbound weapons would destroy the aggressor long before his short wires cut the moon based rocketeers. That's only a mildly fantastic idea compared with the suggestion recently made by the American Aeronautical Society by Dandridge Cole of General Electric's space vehicle development department. His plan is to explode a cluster of hydrogen bombs behind one of the outer ends orbiting between the earth and Mars then aside this lost planet into the Russian subcontinent. It would hit with the force of several million big H bombs. The bewildered Russians who might survive thinking it had all been a natural catastrophe presumably wouldn't release any retaliatory bombs against us.

If this kind of lunacy sounds improbable consider the bomber-satellites already on military drawing boards. American and Russian scientists have discovered that a satellite 22,300 miles up travels at the same speed as the earth spins on its axis. This means that the satellite in effect remains suspended in any fixed position on the earth's surface. It's technically feasible to have say two dozen H bombs, mounted on satellites, hovering permanently over an enemy's twenty four main population centres. Although one American satellite is currently suspended in just such an orbit the space station as a weapon remains at least three years away.

Space projects are making most of the headlines but the changing characteristics of existing weapon systems are equally dramatic. The H bombs, now rated as effective weapons for any future world war are no longer merely killers of cities they're destroyers of nations. The biggest of them — the sixty-megaton mammoth tested by the Russians last fall — had a destructive force equivalent to a Hiroshima sized explosion repeated over a dozen times every day for seven years.

If that's a startling statistic consider the speed of the intercontinental ballistic missiles already mounted on Russian and American launching pads. If one of those brutes were hitched at Montreal from southwestern Russia it would hit exactly thirty

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minutes later. In terms of time zone differences, this means it would actually arrive over Dominion Square just six and a half hours earlier than it hit the launching platform.

Despite weapons of such outrageous potential, the West is prepared to fight a no-win war. Our strategy is based on it has been for the last decade on the theory of deterrence which guarantees that an aggressor's attack will trigger off an unpredictable and devastating counterattack.

The main burglar alarm to provide the warning, necessary to make this policy work is the North American Air Defense Command — the most expensive feature in military history ever committed solely to defense. Into the wizardry and ingenuity of modern electronics have gone more the marvel of science that constitutes NORAD's air warning net. About two hundred thousand people (approximately fifteen thousand of them Canadians) are involved in manning the detection and defense system which covers nearly ninety million square miles of air space from terra firma stretches from the polar ice cap to the Mexican border and well out to sea off the Atlantic and Pacific sea coasts.

The most tangible evidence of the high priority still being given NORAD in western military planning is the fact that $66 million is currently being spent to turn NORAD's Combat Operations Centre in Colorado Springs into the free world's most impregnable defense installation. The centre from which the defense of North America would be directed is moving from its present windowless brick building into the bowels of nearby Cheyenne Mountain, where the equivalent of a three-story building is being scooped out of rock to bury the operation under some 1,400 feet of granite. NORAD officials claim that only a direct hit by an H-bomb would seriously reduce the new mountain's effectiveness.

NORAD's most significant scientific success has been its Ballistic Missile Early Warning System (BMEWS) which can spot an ICBM rising over the horizon three thousand miles away to an eighth of a second. Its first of three radar installations, 600 miles north of the Arctic Circle at Thule, Greenland, came into operation on October 1, 1960. Another has since started up at Clear, Alaska, and a third is being built at Fylingdales Moor in Yorkshire, England. Among them these radar installations—each the size of a football field tipped on its side—will detect missiles launched from the Eurasian land mass. They operate by releasing twin fans of radar energy at different elevations. The lower level fan can detect no object the moment it rises above the horizon, while the upper fan gives details for the calculation of the missile's trajectory. An electronic computer instantly flashes this information to NORAD headquarters at Colorado Springs, giving the missile's probable destination and time of impact. NORAD then passes on the warning to Strategic Air Command headquarters at Omaha, Nebraska. From there the ordinary phones can be ordered into the air to avoid being knocked out on the ground. The BMEWS system will be able to provide about fifteen minutes of warning. The time from radar interception of an ICBM to display of this information to NORAD headquarters is measured in seconds, enabling the SAC forces to get airborne before missiles would reach North American targets.

To the course the BMEWS system will be complemented by the Missile Defense Alarm System (MIDAS) which will consist of satellites circling the earth carrying infrared sensors so sensitive that they'll be able to detect the heat radiation from the exhausts of fired ballistic missiles, thus doubling NORAD's warning period.

NORAD also recently began operating a Space Detection and Tracking System to catalogue the projectiles being shot into space so that any newcomers can immediately be reported to the NORAD Operations Centre. This system is based on a chain of high-altitude radar units which keep track of the satellites they're so sensitive that they can follow the path of an object the size of a grapefruit twenty-five thousand miles up and predict when it'll drop out of orbit. As well as the two Russian and thirty four U.S. satellites currently circling the earth more than one hundred and twenty pieces of space junk (mostly parts of boosting rockets) are floating in orbit. Within the next three years

PARADE

The 11-year hitch

The "no frills" slogan may work for these newfangled discount stores in some cities but not likely to impress the consumers of Saint John, N.B., who take superservice for granted in a local department store, which has been catering to customer whims for nearly



a century. Recently there was the gentleman who dropped into the china department for an item he had purchased previously, paying for it in the store and saying he'd drop back in a few days. The clerk obligingly went and got it, making no small talk about the fact that the purchase had originally been made eleven years earlier.

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the number of pieces of junk in orbit will be in the thousands, creating considerable difficulties for radar set trying to pick out new objects that might be incoming enemy missiles.

Despite these and other efforts to translate NORAD into the space age, most of the Command's limitations are designed to meet the threat of the manned bomber. The nearly four hundred radar stations of the DEW Line and Canada Line and the gap-filling units spread over this continent ceaselessly scan the skies for enemy aircraft. Every commercial plane that approaches North America on flies over certain zones names under NORAD scrutiny and in some areas if the plane is as little as two miles off its previously filed flight plan a NORAD fighter may be scrambled to identify it visually.

These fighters are part of NORAD's defense, with a total of 2,200 interceptors (including five squadrons of the RCAF's recently acquired Voodoos) whose mission it is to attack incoming Soviet bombers. They are complemented by a family of relatively short range Nike missile installations which now ring most of the major cities in the U.S. An integrated and essential part of this defense system are seven Bomarc bases, including this two Canadian ones at North Bay, Ont., and La Macaza, Que., which have signed up the shortest defense controversy in Canada since the conscription issue of the Second World War.

If you promise not to quote them the most likely to occur over Canada. It can be expected that the Russians will have aimed their one-ton bomb with "dead man fuses" — gadgets that automatically detonate the bombs at preset altitudes — whether or not the bomber's flight crew is still alive. A Russian attack intercepted by Bomarc armed with high explosives would ring the fused nuclear weapons (in the bomb bays of the downed manned aircraft) on Canada spreading, minutes or hours after burst.

But Bomarcs carrying atomic warheads would be able to crack the incoming bombers and their nuclear loads without setting off the bombs. Instead of the massive destruction caused by the fused bombs the detonation below the air battle would only be expected to the relatively minor nuclear explosion of the Bomarc warhead. (In one test fire USAF officers stood directly under a Bomarc-size weapon detonated at 15,000 feet without suffering lethal effects.)

Although most of NORAD's planning remains tied to a bomber war which appears increasingly unlikely, NORAD officers insist that defense against bombers can't be minimized absolutely as long as enemy bombers exist. It's a decided asset for the Russians to maintain that bombers as a threat is being "much like Hitler's battleships in World War II" in keeping a great portion of the North American military capability occupied in guarding against them. Instead of being deployed into more productive military occupations. The Russians have a fleet of about one thousand intercontinental bombers capable of hitting modern weapons on North America with a destructive range equivalent to hundreds of millions of tons of TNT. At last summer's Tushino air display near Moscow, two new types of bombers (code named the Bison and the Bounder by U.S. intelligence) were demonstrated for the first time. The Americans admit they have no aircraft in their stable to match them. All of the present operational USAF bombers are based on 1954 designs.

Conflict "big noise"

Despite such differences in capability, most intelligence estimates agree that the air fleet of the Strategic Air Command outnumbers the Russian bomber fleet by at least a third. One night of the SAC bomber force is maintained constantly in the air (many of them over Canada) to give the West a relatively impregnable retaliatory force. Even if most other military installations were caught by a surprise attack Ent's plans stays aloft for a full day. With the aid of refueling from tanker planes it remains up with a striking range of its pre-assigned Russian target for twenty-one hours. Other SAC "ground-alert" bombers are always called in "ground alert" which means they sit cocked on special runways set to be airborne in less than fifteen minutes.

SAC generals in the Pentagon are naturally hardly, the U.S. defense department for permission to add one final unit—a halt to their arsenal. This is the B-70 Valkyrie—a sort of manned missile which will travel at thirty times miles per minute with bomb bays large enough to carry four of the Polaris missiles originally designed for submarines. The 250-ton monsters, six jet engines would kick it twice the thrust of the Redstone rocket that shot astronaut Alan Shepard into space. Although three prototypes of the B-70 are being built, U.S. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has said that it appears neither necessary nor desirable to commit the $10 billion which would be required to put the weapon into production.

The B-70 and other new weapons being tested may strengthen the U.S. offensive arsenal, but the pace of war has been accelerated beyond the potential of mere manned. To make certain that vital decisions are not based on electronic gadgets alone, NORAD recently set up a major intelligence scrutiny operation to complement its radar warnings. NORAD intelligence officers, both U.S. and Canadian, intelligence reports for signs of stepped-up communist preparedness. Wiping out has become such a massive undertaking that NORAD intelligence experts believe its final preparations couldn't escape their observation. Some twenty major indicators are tabulated daily, including such obvious symptoms as large scale movements of fuel and political departures by the communist satellites. NORAD intelligence officers even plot reports on Nikita Khrushchev's health because, they're convinced, he would be more liable to take military risks during a period of physical decline.

Individually, these fascinating differences of opinion don't, when they or not, the point. Urged on a nuclear strike should be the enemy's political leaders. One school of thought argues that governments not people wage war and that if politicians realize they'll be the first to suffer the consequences of their decisions they'll be more reluctant to order a nuclear attack. Opponents of this theory maintain that neither side should try to destroy the other's political and government when each kind of authority must survive to negotiate peace or surrender.

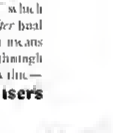
The extent to which the NORAD mechanism allows Canada to have a significant voice in making military decisions has become a matter of heated debate both in the U.S. and Canada. This speed at which the defense system must react sharply isn't compatible with time-consuming consultation — one high-ranking NORAD officer admits. Besides, you can't effectively defend a continent and still treat its political components as independent nations."

If NORAD ever goes on a war footing, there are provisions for consultation with Ottawa but it's more a procedure of checks and concurrences than a question of give and take. The operative phrase that would be finished to the Canadian Prime Minister from the NORAD commander goes something like this: "Unless you inform me otherwise I am declaring condition red now." The NORAD code word has a wartime ring). The prime minister would then have the opportunity to consent to the decision. What would happen if he refused to make an open question.

Canada in influence in NORAD is expressed most effectively by the fact that its deputy commander-in-chief is Air Marshal Roy Slemon, the tough, scrill mustached veteran of Arctic flying who went to the job after four and a half years as head of the air staff at Ottawa. The only officer still on active duty who was a member of the RCAF when it was formed in 1924, Slemon is one of the ablest military men this country has ever produced. During the frequent absences from Colorado Springs of Lauriston Kenny, the four-star USAF general who commands NORAD, Slemon takes charge of the whole system. An officer who has worked with Slemon claims that Canadian-American differences of opinion don't rouse nearly the trouble caused by intersservice rivalry among NORAD's U.S. forces.

NORAD will no doubt continue to be embroiled in public and private squabbles. But however much Canadians may disagree with the structure of the organization, it is difficult to argue with its basic purpose, as expressed in the unofficial NORAD motto: "We must build the best air defense that seems possible — but we'll pray we never have to build it might not."




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American officials whose hemisphere responsibilities include the defense of Canada volunteer the view that Prime Minister Diefenbaker's latest policy twist on arming our Bomarcs has turned a muddle of indecision into a quibbling absurdity. During my recent visit to The Pentagon in Washington the men I interviewed made it very plain that what they were telling me were their private views, not an attempt to put pressure on Canada. But I found them exasperated and baffled by our government's recent announcement that nuclear warheads will be accepted for our Bomarcs only under an undefined system of joint control, and then only at the outbreak of war. Such a policy, they maintain, shatters every consideration of current military planning.

According to the Pentagon experts, it's simply impossible to get nuclear warheads to North Bay and La Macaza in the half hour preceding hostilities as hinted by the prime minister. It would take most of a day to bring the missiles to North Bay from the nearest U.S. Bomarc base at Niagara Falls, N.Y. (and almost as long from Plattsburgh, N.Y., to La Macaza). Another five or six hours would be required to mount the warheads and adjust their complex wiring systems. Modern war doesn't allow for such delays. But even if it did, these experts insist, the prime minister's plan undermines the whole concept of deterrence, which counts on fully armed, ready-to-shoot weapons being in place to discourage the enemy from ever starting his attack.

What further compounds the sheer impracticability of the Diefenbaker defense policy, according to these planners, is the prime minister's insistence on "joint control" over the warheads while at the same time rejecting already available joint control provisions. Under Section 92 of the U.S. Atomic Energy Act, American nuclear weapons can't be transferred out of U.S. custody. But it's understood that Canada has been offered a similar agreement to that signed by the U.K. in 1958 which provides for the sixty American Thor missiles stationed in Britain to be controlled by two sets of keys: one held by an RAF flight lieutenant who acts as launch control officer, the other by an American "authentication officer" whose key releases the warhead *after* the British officer begins the countdown. This means that the weapon is ineffective unless the U.K. and U.S. governments *both* want it fired.

The Canadian government seems to have rejected this formula despite the prime minister's previous policy statement of February 20, 1959, which appeared to endorse the idea. "We consider it is expedient," he then said, "that ownership and custody of the nuclear warheads (for Canadian weapons) should remain with the United States."

The Pentagon brass can't comprehend the attitude of the Canadian politicians who maintain that this country still has some choice about accepting or rejecting nuclear warheads. That decision, they insist, was made three years ago when Prime Minister Diefenbaker cancelled the Arrow and substituted the Bomarc-B, which simply isn't an effective weapon without a nuclear warhead. "Using the Bomarc-B without a nuclear tip is like trying to shave with a razor without a blade," says one USAF general.

The American defense planners believe that continental defense has been weakened by the transfer of the two Bomarc bases to Canadian territory since, under present policies, they're totally useless. The fact that American taxpayers have contributed [illegible] toward their installation (Canada's $14 million) doesn't help to [illegible] disgust.

Despite their strong private views, Pentagon officials aren't unconscious of swelling public opinion in Canada against nuclear warheads. But they emphasize that much of the protest is based on a false premise, because the main argument used by the opponents of nuclear warheads for the Bomarc is that acceptance would enroll Canada in the nuclear club, implying that this country would gain the capability of somehow, somewhere, triggering off another Hiroshima.

This view confuses the offensive nuclear weapons owned by the U.S., Britain and Russia with the strictly defensive function of the Bomarc. Neither the Bomarc nor any other NORAD missile can start a nuclear war since none has a range that can take it outside the territorial limits of North America. The function of the Bomarc is that of an antiaircraft gun with nuclear shells. It's designed only to *react* against an enemy attack on North America; used at its full range, a North Bay Bomarc could barely reach an enemy bomber winging in over the south shore of James Bay.

The Bomarc itself isn't a very highly rated weapon any longer, but it's not obsolete. Although the Bomarc system is totally unfit for dealing with missiles, it would be deadly against bombers.

The most persuasive argument the Americans use for arming the Canadian Bomarcs with nuclear warheads is a technical one, which seems to prove that our acceptance of nuclear warheads would actually contribute to *reducing* the amount of radioactivity spilled on Canada in any future war. According to this theory, the successful interception of Russian bombers bound for North American targets is



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SUDBURY *continued from page 22*

Communism was an issue. A bigger one was wages

effort to spread their ideology among the rank and file members. In Sudbury I met members of all political parties and even some devout Catholics who were able to support Mine Mill fiercely without feeling they were also supporting the communist party. Also, even known communists won the loyalty of the men by working long and hard for the union. "When Harvey Murphy talks to the company," one Mine Mill supporter told me, "he is not talking communism."

About a week after I arrived in Sudbury I went to hear a lecture by Leo Brodeur, one of the spokesmen for the far right that the presence of the far left inevitably brought forth. The lecture was part of a "course on communism" sponsored by the Northern Workers Adult Education Association. Brodeur, a thirty-eight-year-old professor of modern French literature, told me he had "discovered" communism four years ago and since then has read everything he could on the subject. Now he finds communists everywhere. "Hardly anyone in Canada doesn't have at least one communist idea," he told his audience of about 100 at one point. "Take the word capitalism. What are your reactions to it? See what I mean?"

Steel made little mention of communism in its official propaganda, but one night at a meeting for Steel's volunteer organizers, I was handed a copy of the seventeenth edition of the *Torch*, which turned out to be three mimeographed pages of personal attacks on Mine Mill leaders. It was put out by "The Ethnic Groups of Sudbury" and it embarrassed many Steel supporters. One of them, who also happened to be a World War II navy veteran, told me that the *Torch* was "pretty close to fascism to my way of thinking."

Communism was already an issue in Sudbury, but if it had been the only issue Steel would never have gained a foothold in the city. What did deal most of the men I spoke to was simple economics — which union would win them the highest wages, the most efficient grievance procedure and the best pension plan. They were haunted by memories of the only time they had gone on strike, and in order to understand how they chose sides last winter, it is necessary to go back briefly into the history of Mine Mill.

The union began quarreling with officers of the old Canadian Congress of Labor in the late forties and was expelled from the Congress in 1949. A year later the American half of the union was expelled from the Congress of Industrial Organiza-



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tions for following "policies consistently dictated to advancing the program and purposes of the communist party." In Canada and the U.S. Mine Mills jurisdiction was awarded to Steel. But in Sudbury the two aspirants went almost uncontested. The members of local 598 were half of their former Canadian membership and they felt they were strong enough to stand alone — even against Inco. In the fall of 1958 their unemployment was shattered.

On September 24 of that year the workers at Inco went on strike. By the time the strike was settled three days before Christmas their union was humiliated and almost broke. They had won a six percent increase in wages but as one disillusioned miner told me: "All it meant more in my cheque every week was $2."

In the spring elections for officers of the local Mike Solski the local's president and all but three of his officers were defeated by a reform slate headed by Darnhil Gillis, a skinny tough timber topper from the Falconbridge mine. Gillis and the 10 others on the executive were pledged to bring Mine Mill into the Canadian Labour Congress, the federation of trade unions that had been formed in 1956.

On the night Gillis was sworn in by the national president of the union Mike Solski rose from the floor to challenge the chair. Gillis had to hand over the meeting to his vice-president and obtain an obscure point of parliamentary procedure with the man he had just defeated for office. "I won that one," Gillis recalls, "but I knew right then that it was going to be open war."

The war was still going on when I was in Sudbury. To regain control of the local — and the local's treasury — the national officers of Mine Mill tried everything from turning Gillis's meetings into brawlings brawls to splitting his executive. But Gillis refused to be cowed and his executive remained united by one idea — bringing Mine Mill into the CLC. Gillis was rejected twice over candidates supported by Mine Mill's national officers and continued to negotiate with and receive help from the CLC. This summer he held a final series of three meetings with CLC officers and the national officers became so desperate to win back the local that they provoked two acts of open violence I have read and listened to too many conflicting accounts of what was said and done on both occasions to attempt any more than a brief outline of what took place to show how the men in Sudbury divide themselves according to where they stood "on the night they seized the hall," and where they sat during the mass riot."

The anthony officer seized local 598's hall when Tom Taylor, a member of Gillis's executive, publicly charged that the meetings Gillis had had during the summer with CLC officers were really a plot to secede from Mine Mill and deliver the local over to Steel. Ken Smith, the nation's president of Mine Mill, formally charged Gillis with secession and — as he had the power to do under Mine Mill's constitution — formally ousted Gillis and his executive and sent an administrator and a gang of his supporters to take possession of the 598 hall on the last Saturday in August. Gillis and his executive were to have a victory banquet in Port Colborne. They pushed back and rally Sunday morning found the street outside the union hall jammed with a mob of their own supporters. Every window in the hall had been smashed. Gillis climbed to the roof over the entrance to the hall to address the men — I knew if I told them to that I'd get into the hall," he told me several months later "and there would have been blood shed for sure" — and for the next two hours, signed with police that his men should not be made to leave when the administrator and his supporters were allowed to remain inside the hall. But the administrator refused to come out and Gillis's men refused to leave. Finally at 5:30 in the morning, the sheriff read the riot act threatening the men with possible life sentences to prison if they did not disperse within thirty minutes. Most went home but a small group remained wearily on guard until Monday morning, when Gillis obtained a court order to pull back the hall and the administrator with his supporters left under a police escort. Chief Justice J. M. McRuer later awarded the hall—and the local's treasury—to Gillis.

A week later Gillis announced that William Mahoney, the national director of Steel, had sent letters to the district of Steel in district six, which takes in Sudbury and Timmins, and to Clinton Jodoin, the president of the Canadian Labour Congress, would address a meeting of local 598 members in the Sudbury Arena. He also announced that Ken Smith, Mike Solski and other national officers would be barred from the meeting. On the evening the meeting was to take place a crowd of Mine Mill supporters gathered around the entrance and Mike Solski spoke to them. Then they marched to the arena. When Smith tried to walk in the door with them, fighting broke out. The police were unable to clear the jammed doorway and lobbed a tear gas bomb into the crowd. The men scattered. When they came back a large number were able to get into the arena — but without Smith and Solski. They sat in a solid block chanting "We want Smith" and so disrupted the meeting that when Mahoney, Jodoin and Sefton — who had entered the arena with a police escort — tried to speak they were drowned out. An hour after it began Gillis was forced to adjourn the meeting.

The next day Steel opened an office in Sudbury and began signing up members. Ontario "Terry" Mancini, a lively, efficient organizer from Sault Ste. Marie, was put in charge of the raid. Ken Smith took a room in the Coulson hotel and took charge of Mine Mill's defenses. As the fight between Mancini and Smith grew Gillis faded into the background. When I met him most of his supporters had already signed up with Steel. He was still hacking away at the national office in newspaper ads and in his television "reports to the members of 598" but the real fight had moved beyond him.

Both Mancini and Smith brought teams of professional organizers into Sudbury and made ample use of radio, television, newspaper ads and leaflets distributed at plant gates to spread their propaganda. But the real war was waged by the men on the job. By the time I arrived in Sudbury 1,000 men had volunteered to become Mine Mill "captains" and 800 workers had signed up to "volunteer organizers" for Steel.

In the smelters, where the men work together, large numbers came over to Steel almost immediately. But in the mines where men work in isolated groups, Steel made slower progress. Men who volunteered to organize for Steel faced a rough time. One of them, Henri Corcoran, the small wiry boss of a blasting gang at Inco's Creighton mine, told me that he signed up with Steel the day after the arena riot but didn't start wearing his Steel button until several weeks later. "Word got around anyway that I was signing men to Steel," he said. "Some people started calling me names like traitor and union buster. One day a gang of Mine Millers stood around in the lunch room and spat all over my lunch pail. The next day I covered my pail with Steel stickers and they came by and covered it up with Mine Mill stickers. I just put on more Steel stickers and I got more stickers than they do and after a while they stopped. Some guys tell me they want to fight me at the plant gates. But I tell them I'm just a little fellow and I don't fight. But they don't scare me. I keep right on doing what I have to do."

Corcoran's wife was "all for Steel" but his family was not directly involved in what he was doing. Steel made no attempt to involve the women in the campaign. But Mine Mill with the slogan "a union without the women is only half organized" organized a women's committee early in January and whole families were dragged into the fight.

Bob Sterling, a Mine Mill captain, told me the union war had "completely changed my life." Him wife Gail was, at twenty, the youngest of the fourteen members of Mine Mill's women's committee. Sterling was twenty-four and he had been married for eighteen months. "Before this thing started," he said, "we were just enjoying our first year of married life. We used to go out visiting people and to movies and shows and on Sundays we always had someone over for dinner. Now our social life has stopped completely. I'm not almost every night on union business and when I'm not out my wife is and I'm home minding the baby. Since August we've had two Sundays alone together. We're facing things now that most couples don't face until five or ten years after they're married."

Sterling was one of the scrutineers during the vote. There were three sets of scrutineers — from Steel, Mine Mill and local 598 — and one deputy returning officer at each polling booth and with the traveling poll that sometimes driven up abandoned railway tracks to reach remote Inco pounds stations.

Reporters were barred from the polling booths during the vote, but from Sterling and other scrutineers I learned that the voting was quiet, orderly and heavy. The labor board imposed a seventy-two-hour quiet period on both sides before the actual balloting started and by the time scrutineers began gathering in the ornate gold and white ballroom of the Nickel Range Hotel early Tuesday morning, most signs had been taken down or covered up and most of the buttons had disappeared. During the three days all the vote-takers who had not spoken together since August shut and thermos bottles of coffee and played cards during lulls. They were not allowed to take any notes but most kept mental track of how many men had voted at their polls and the unofficial count showed that seventy percent of the men voted on Tuesday, a day four percent had voted by Wednesday and ninety-nine percent by the time the last results had straggled into the Nickel Range at three o'clock Friday morning.

At 9:30 the next morning Arthur Brunskill, the registrar of the labor board and supervisor of the vote, loaded the sealed ballot boxes into a moving van under a police escort and brought them to Toronto for safe keeping. Mine Mill has charged



"I hope you admire frankness — we don't feel like having company."



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Steel with forgery in obtaining signatures on membership cards. Timid in obtaining dollar bills to go with the signatures and with mousepoing with Gillis. The labor board will have to consider the charges before the ballots can be counted. If the charges prove true the labor board can order the ballots destroyed and award the decision to Mine Mill.

A few hours after the ballot boxes left Sudbury I dropped in at the offices of Mine Mill and Steel. Except for a few haggard professional organizers still working with pencils to prove the extraordinarily heavy vote had favored their side the offices were deserted. "The men in Steel organized until we have gone back to their wives.

Outside the union offices the city seemed somehow less tense. There were almost no placards or stickers to be seen and in the stores the crowds seemed to be moving less briskly than they had a few days earlier. Even in the beverage room of the Coulson hotel — Mine Mill's unofficial headquarters — the miners drinking beer seemed to be talking more freely among themselves than they had twenty-four hours earlier. The vote was over.

As for how long it will take to heal the wounds in Sudbury I heard estimates that ranged from "a few months" to "at least a generation." But perhaps the best prediction came from Mike Solski. He was one Mine Mill leader whom no one ever accused of being a communist and even the most ardent converts to Steel conceded that in his day he had been "a good union man." Midway through an explanation of Mine Mill's labyrinthine legal maneuvres to prevent the counting of the ballots Solski interrupted himself to thrust his tired, sun-lined face nearer his desk and tell me, "Nobody is going to win this thing. It will take a miracle to overcome the hatred in Sudbury." ★



The Mine Mill meeting that ended in rioting September 18 was called by 598 president Donald Gillis (centre) to hear CLC head Claude Jodoin (left) and Steel's W. Mahaney.

Winners—and losers—in every corner

National Mine Mill backers cheer Tom Taylor after a riotous membership meeting. Taylor had quit Gillis' local to create a rival, charging Gillis with planning to deliver 598 to Steel.



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IF PO CHAN COULD ONLY RUB ALADDIN'S LAMP



Po Chan's father was a Hong Kong coolie who disappeared because he could not support his family. His mother, left with many children, struggled to work while caring for her youngsters. Six-year-old Po Chan had so little to eat that she finally became blind from malnutrition.

Recently while her mother was out scraping together a few pennies, Po Chan stumbled against an oil lamp and was burned from head to foot. So severe is her case that she needs special care.

But Po Chan is only one of thousands of tots in Hong Kong who need such help. In 1945 Hong Kong had a population of 500,000. Today the flood of refugees from Red China has swelled the census to nearly 4,000,000. The Government there is doing a noble work in trying to assist these freedom-loving newcomers, but the task is gigantic. According to an official Hong Kong report two-thirds of all such destitute orphaned or deserted children are being cared for in Christian Children's Funds Homes or Projects. Youngsters like Po Chan can be "adopted" and admitted to these Homes. Just Ten Dollars a month will aid a child in Hong Kong, Korea or Japan. The child's name, address, story and photograph with the privilege of correspondence are provided the donor.

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 continued from page 20

There are three types of wine snob. Then, there's the man who scorns all wines — the antiwine snob

feels superior to the man who is slugging down his wallop in Thi Horse and Groom across the road. An ocean away are the 107 members of the Canadian Wine of the Month Club who are paying $50 a year to become wine snobs by easy installments. They not only get a different bottle every the monthly but also a skunk of quotable wine talk such as "This delightful little all purpose *femme-à toutes-affaires* will add its gaiety to the fun of your summer outdoor feasting."

For authority reinforce though I think wine snobs can be divided into three main groups all unrecognizable in a dimly lit restaurant. First, the man who genuinely is a connoisseur of wines second the man who pretends he is third the man who is too dumb to learn anything and who covers his shame with remarks like "Vintage schmintage. Just shoot us a bottle of vino." By the way I haven't forgotten the man who won't touch wine at any price — he's an antiwine snob.

I won't introduce you to typical men in *all* these categories. Telling a man he has no wine sense is worse than telling him he has no humor sense. Some become violent. Anthony Clarkson a noted Fleet Street bibber remembers a Soho wine waiter striking a disparaging enstomer on the bank of the head with a bottle of Beaune. The enstomer had driven home his complaint with a short right jab to the waiter's belly. I can however introduce you to a group of the world's best known best qualified and most loquacious wine snobs.

They came to a small dinner party I gave amid the Edwardian gilt of London's Trocadero. Excepting myself — still trying to shake off an overexposure in the highballs and Teronto Chinese cooking — all were wine and food connoisseurs. Under the guidance of Miriam Bradshaw of the Trocadero — that is. Bradshaw selected the wines and food — I dared them until and pumped them relentlessly for most of the facts and fancies in their armin. (Unfortunately my notes written in the light from the *peche flambée* were badly scorched.)

Over frosty aperitifs of Moet and Chandon Dry Imperial 1955 Cyril Ray told me that there was an awful lot of rot written about wine. Ray is a small tight waistcoated Mancunian who writes an awful lot about wine. He is wine columnist of the London Observer and edits all the glossy-boozy annual called The Compleat Imbiber. I asked him in excitement his opinion that English-speaking peoples are more ignorant with the world's best wines than the men of other nations. "Easy" he said. "In the wine growing countries they take wine for granted. It is in the kitchen cupboard or in a jug at the corner store. These people always drink the ordinary—*vin du pays* — nothing half so good as you'll get in practically any bottle in an English pub." Ray can also trace a wine snob streak in the French. He has a promising puff for Châteauneuf du Pape. "It gives off a thousand odors violent at first of truffles and mediterranean herbs . . . and then finer ones . . . the evocation of sun-kissed fruits . . . and floral scents by the bushel."

During one hors d'oeuvres of *asperges fraiches ultjere* Ray outlined some of the difficulties of the professional wine snob. "There are really only three words that strictly define taste" he said. "They are sweet sour and bitter. They obviously add up to pretty flat guys so we drag in similes—words like light balanced and fresh and sometimes noble. Even then young get pretty shagworn."

At this point Chevalier de Montrachet 1958 a good not too dry white burgundy was poured in accompany with *farci aux amandes*—sole stuffed with truffles and lobster scraps. Another guest Raymond Postgate who is sometimes referred to as Pub Inn Stomach No. 1 announced that the worst wine snob of all was the expert who poured scorn on the honest mistakes of the amateur. This could start the newcomer off on the wrong foot give him the silly notion that drinking wine is some kind of a social ordeal or even worse a kind of barometer measuring a man's status in the affluent society.

Postgate is a gruff and burly septuagenarian who inherited a better than average table from his father who started as a butler and has laid down clarets and burgundies (1957 and 1958 vintages) to be given to each of his five grandchildren when they reach their age. An historian by training, Postgate became so angry at bad English cooking that he wrote The Good Food Guide, now in its eighth edition. His companion book The Plain Man's Guide to Wine is a classic. "I've the experience not to be taken in by a lot of pretentious nonsense. Postgate says. "I think food and wine are like bread and butter — you need the bread to put the butter on."

Maitre Bradshaw beaming and bulging, now pushed in a wagon on which a twig fire blazed merrily under spitted legs of baby lamb. Sheets of flame flashed his cheeks as he doused the meat with incendiary sauces. His waiters minced with a dry and gungent claret Château Talot Vanillac 1948. New York born lawyer Harry Brogan Jr. who comes to London when fatigued with the baying sound of the Twelve Caesars and the Five Seasons remarked lightly that he was always puzzled by the instruction serve at room temperature which applies to most but not all red wines. Did this mean him in instance the seventy five degrees of the dining almost of a North American split level in Falmouth in the lofty fold of an English country house in September? Our head wine waiter Raimonda Puppin ollitred an inculpatory about a flustered woman who just put a bottle of her husband's best brigandy in the fridge to chill it then remembering the room had permanin low yanked it out and held it under the hot tap to warm it up again. Naked of this detainment would spoil the taste of the wine. Puppin eyebrows raised. Mistook the wine would be shocked.

Maitre Buckmaster the legendary maitre comman let of the Ritz who is still playing an architectural role as a champagne publicist told me as the dessert approached what to look for among the jumble of words on a wine label. Consider for instance Medoc the well known red Bordeaux wine. Sterling at the bottom of the scale. You'll find it label reading simply "Medoc." It should be quite okay but the growers didn't think too much of it. Next comes a label reading say St. Julien" — at least you know from which part of the Medoc it came. Up another step (presumably in quality and antiquity in price) comes a bottle labeled Château Such-et Such. This does *not* mean the wine came from the château to you. You'll find a shipper's name in small print somewhere — he bought it in bulk from the château and bottled it himself. If he was an honest man he didn't fill it with cheaper Algerian. Lastly if you can stand the job your label will be surprised "Mise en Bouteille au Château" That's the best the connoisseurs wine bottled at the château. Of course there are exceptions and thank any.

The old rule of thumb red wines with meat and whites with fish and fowl is not all red wines. Did this mean him in instance the seventy five degrees of the dining almost of a North American split level in Falmouth in the lofty fold of an English country house in September? Our head wine waiter Raimonda Puppin ollitred an incidents about a flustered woman who just put a bottle of her husband's best brigandy in the fridge to chill it then remembering the room had permanin low yanked it out and held it under the hot tap to warm it up again. Naked of this detainment would spoil the taste of the wine. Puppin eyebrows raised. Mistook the wine would be shocked.

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The old rule of thumb red wines with meat and whites with fish and fowl is not all red wines. Did this mean him instance the seventy five degrees of the dining almost of a North American split level in Falmouth in the lofty fold of an English country house in September? Our head wine waiter Raimonda Puppin ollitred an incidents about a flustered woman who just put a bottle of her husband's best brigandy in the fridge to chill it then remembering the room had permanin low yanked it out and held it under the hot tap to warm it up again. Naked of this detainment would spoil the taste of the wine. Puppin eyebrows raised. Mistook the wine would be shocked.

Maitre Buckmaster the legendary maitre comman let of the Ritz who is still playing an architectural role as a champagne publicist told me as the dessert approached what to look for among the jumble of words on a wine label. Consider for instance Medoc the well known red Bordeaux wine. Sterling at the bottom of the scale. You'll find it label reading simply "Medoc." It should be quite okay but the growers didn't think too much of it. Next comes a label reading say St. Julien" — at least you know from which part of the Medoc it came. Up another step (presumably in quality and antiquity in price) comes a bottle labeled Château Such-et Such. This does *not* mean the wine came from the château to you. You'll find a shipper's name in small print somewhere — he bought it in bulk from the château and bottled it himself. If he was an honest man he didn't fill it with cheaper Algerian. Lastly if you can stand the job your label will be surprised "Mise en Bouteille au Château" That's the best the connoisseurs wine bottled at the château. Of course there are exceptions and thank any.



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hm Stephen Potter the English h[illegible] derotes a chapter of his book On Upmanship to worksmanship He suggests that aspiring wine snobs shun adjectives like "sound" and "pleasant" when talking of wine People will only think you're been mugging up on wine merchants' catalogues He suggests using what he calls sugerty Cult has [illegible] short cuts thuok" (or tardiness) (too many adjectives) bouncy (not directly lateral) nutty (too many fruit metaphors) and

This game is fun but puzzling because [illegible] ral [illegible] Bordeaux [illegible] its lower with [illegible] konckles In this chart phrase [illegible] united it Sauvignon Church Wine grapes still flourish around the Cognac and Blanc areas and the other adjacent areas where cognac is legally produced the first were to shun murder

When the [illegible] it [illegible] were hurting, while [illegible] and south adjoining the Pyrenees [illegible] directly latter [illegible] but they were [illegible] rain until their harvest [illegible] They were [illegible] the worlds best wine scribes They [illegible] how to propagate [illegible] tions — all wild grapes are black — red develop the best wines Results from the first growing years were stored to great [illegible] they are worked with the [illegible] name the year the type of wine [illegible] much as [illegible] bottle of champagne is marked today V [illegible] insulted several from Egypt to Greece on [illegible] Greece [illegible] Rhone and Sardinia and [illegible] a small Greek colony on the south of France

The [illegible] of that colony was Marseilles now Marseilles Thus the first wine [illegible] pondered to Rome before the Germanic [illegible] conquered the Celtic Gauls to [illegible] that rains on the land that is now recognized as the world's vineyard A little over sixteen hundred years later — first year to be really exact — I visited the barn of that vineyard the champagne district along the war-scarred Marne

Here in Epernay Moet Chandon Mercier and Chandon guided us through the [illegible] cellars that supplied bubbly to Madame Pompadour today they supply Queen Elizabeth and anyone else who's got the money With a sturdy trade mark suited to her native Scottish roots Miss Crumpbell put me up and down the hundreds of stone steps to these wine-filled caves Some of them 100 feet deep were dug to get the limestone for the cathedral at nearby Rheims which Le Corbusier called "the greatest find in all of France With pauses that refreshed I strolled aisles of dark ghosts past thirty million bottles of maturing champagne red did admire the huge Barnaby barrel that Napoleon gave to Jean Remy Moet

Back to England I pursued the point just how did wine snobbery begin Edward Hyams a fine fine novelist who now makes wine in Kent gives a sensible explanation in his book, Vi

After 1400 AD says Hyams wine ceased to be trade commercially in England For 500 years I was imported mostly all the sales effort of that period went to the dwarfs beer raised in a beer hurting country and therefore as a luxury item could be afforded only by the wealthy at appointments whose drinking set one what we'd call higher status symbol The empire building English rat [illegible] ral has disciples with them in his many resorts of the globe Hyams suggests that it appears were imported and taxed scribs would soon be trying about their pedigree

Gin for war wine for peace

Further wine stewards and merchants agree that wine drinking is increasing Francesco Minarelli of the Savoy who willfully asks to be called Frank says that gin is the drink of wet road wet the drink of peers He says he's put in the Savoy is torch wine the Savoy guests as [illegible] was ter years ago His wine list for Rum King Imperial at $10 50 to four kinds of sherry were at a bargain $1 50 to $2 00 Andre Esterhazy head wine butler at Lordon's Waldorf told me there's now wine or ret heart hall in his state tables et any hitch hasn't [illegible] trust English hotels and restaurants Establishments employ their wives to help refurnish wine which falter with the pronunciation of say Chateau 1950 Certain Brown Eighty percent of his customers under to number

I'm still not sure after all this if I'm becoming a wine snob or not I've little confused In Tokyo I tried to learn to send back my sake if it wasn't hot enough In Athens I gladly absorbed the retsina as if it were hot But I did put my foot down at Sardines In Sydney I tried to assess the nature print lured with claret, Hock to Paris, I watched Frenchmen drop [illegible] in their wine In Los Angeles I was lured to suite that Chateau champagne wasn't bullet though that fine A [illegible] de Rivoire to Buffalo I turned privately with that red the Chianti In London my tastes told me gently that I didn't really [illegible] what did it all mean

I'm back [illegible] of talking the world of Arthur Bullat Savalon the man who turned red wood his way through the French trenches to catch a steamer that his very name typewritten with fine detail and [illegible] wines By now with less [illegible] so [illegible] subsistence for wine with a cord ★



Who watched over Canadian rye in its cradle?

This is how they [illegible] it back in the 1830's And even then we were watching over the growing of the rye, not just its distilling

"Cradling"? It was a most difficult kind of scything If you can imagine anything more difficult! There were three fingers [illegible] to the scythe and they caught the rye as it fell and laid it in bunches There would be thirty "cradlers" in all

Now the rye we use is out of its cradle and into roomfuls But at Gooderham and Worts we still fuss over it at every stage When we're distilling it, we still blend it through charcoal to make sure the real rye taste comes shining through As smooth and light as it always was. People who like real rye enjoy the Irish of our Little Brown Jug Old Rye. Join them.



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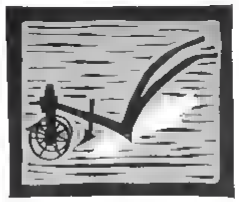
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DISARMAMENT AND THE PENTAGON

Continued from page 17

A few months ago, many believed in fallout shelters Not now

world is for Russia. In the Soviet Union where the government controls all the means of production Khrushchev could simply order the factories to switch from weapons to consumer goods On top of that Russia has massive shortages so satellites would not have to be considered The U S on the other hand has far fewer and economic which defense resources would be diverted to arms plants but a large scale cutback in weapons and a reduction in the armed forces would create overwhelming resistance from industrialists who would lose contracts from military leaders from labor from Congress and from state and municipal governments

At this moment President Kennedy and his defense secretary Robert McNamara are receiving protests from communities from Long Island where 13 000 workers at an aviation plant at Farmingdale expect to be laid off because Congress refused to order more bombers to be constructed The reply to the protests and rotations is that the defense department will try to place new contracts in Farmingdale — a reply that unquestionably underlines the extent to which the U S government leans on defense to prevent unemployment

Meanwhile the armed services committees of the House of Representatives is interesting to himself the defense department is embarking on a B 70 bomber program The defense secretary and many of his advisers are strongly opposed to a B 70 because missiles will have made the B 70 obsolete before it could be produced on an operational basis The program would cost $10 billion When that charge is leveled the president or the cabinet can be silent

It was in this case a single general Curtis LeMay who received the armed services committee to such to assert that a bomber Congress to direct the defense department to build B 70s But no passion in not too hard to perturb when their air prospects of bat carriers for their missiles

Dwight Eisenhower to his farewell speech a president delivered a stern warning He said that American democracy was being jeopardized by [illegible] now power that of the "military industrial complex" He point out that this complex employs so many men and spends such staggering sums that its influence is felt in every city every state every office of the federal government

Within two months of the speech a survey by Congressional Quarterly found a aggressive drive by the armed services their contractors and congressmen to get keep or expand their shares of defense spending At least a dozen senators and [illegible] sent [illegible] Senator Kennedy and Defense Secretary McNamara to protest cutbacks of a reduction in military installations in their states

As it turned out the rumors were grounded less but the storm they aroused was evidence of what the government is up against This is understandable when you look at the statistics In Kansas more than [illegible] percent of the nonagricultural work [illegible] or defense plants or on the payroll of the armed forces the figure is equally [illegible] In the state of Washington or Connecticut and Connecticut it exceeds the percent When so much of the population is engaged in defense there are not [illegible] situation to get excited when [illegible] talk of disarmament

Yet despite all this and in spite of the right wingers who say the U S should provide Cuba and bomb Russia there is rising sentiment for disarmament in many parts of the country What has prompted it as much as anything has been the greatest refrainment that mankind has ever known

A report by the committee on science and the promotion of human welfare of the American Association for the Advancement of Sciences had a fourth effect It stated Science has now reached such a stage of nature as to place in mankind hands the power to end human life From now on mankind must live in a world in which suicidal war — by whatever means — is always possible Any shelter system short of one that protects the entire population and industry permanently underground can be regarded by a corresponding increase in the attacker's power Even if some unforeseen development we would tomorrow discover how to [illegible] the nuclear war the basic problem until [illegible] other kinds of equally destructive weapons also possible Shelters that might protect from blast fire and radiation from one kind would not protect from [illegible] to [illegible] attack with chemical agents If a war with Soviet [illegible] against chemical attack Israelis would receive [illegible] from fertility destroying agents

Just a few months ago Americans still believed that [illegible] shelter would protect them This belief has been demolished by experts like Hans Bethe the John Wendell Anderson professor of physics at Cornell University and recipient in the president Bethe says bluntly "There is not much difference between [illegible] weapons If 100 megatons and ten megatons have the military point of view Ten megatons is enough to destroy nearly any city A simple rule is for megatons two of [illegible] destructive radius Placed in the south of Central Park they will reach nearly New York City We have had no [illegible] very 1954 they the Russians had 1958 We have 500 B 52s to deliver and 1000 B-47s The Russians have fewer numbers but still enough to [illegible] many times over

Another recent thought provoking statement comes from Khrushchev The only clear weapon and rockets is bettering to assign nuclear weapons and you already have the missile of them Their use seriously thousands and thousands of tons and the combined are growing with the increase in the number of rockets But the most people are used to service the death carrying nuclear rockets the greatest hope comes the likelihood of the unexpected happening

The impact of such statements has been to make Americans think seriously about disarmament Lately there have been impressive demonstrations against further nuclear tests and for disarmament There examples 5 000 students from almost 100 colleges descended on Washington in mid



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EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY (CANADA) LTD., Toronto Ekco

An open letter to magazine readers

Canada is one of the small countries of the world. But it is a miracle country — a near-impossibility as a nation.

A vast semi-continent, with a sparse population and a flow of ideas, travel and trade that has been forced, against geography, to run east and west along a narrow band that stretches 4,500 miles from east to west. Yet we have survived.

Our battle for survival has received support and encouragement from our closest neighbours, the United States. Thoughtful Americans have agreed that, in this difficult and uncertain world, Canada has a role to play which will be more valuable to them and to every other nation, if we are more than an echo of American opinion and more than a copy of American arts.

One of the most vital forces in this country is our communications industry — speaking in our two official languages, English and French — our newspapers, television stations, radio stations and magazines. These are the unifying agencies. These are the instruments that examine, articulate and nurture Canadian attitudes, talents and aspirations. Through their cohesive force, we pull together to project into the world a Canadian point of view and a Canadian influence.

It has been a difficult and vital job. Over the years many situations have developed within the communications industry which have required the attention of the people through their governments.

Recently it happened in the Canadian publishing field. So-called 'Canadian" editions of foreign magazines have upset the publishing economy of this country.

This is how they do it.

Certain American magazines receive from their parent companies in the United States all the reading material for their "Canadian" editions at purely nominal cost. No matter how they do their bookkeeping, the fact is that these American publications, with their special editions, pay little or nothing for their reading material. The Canadian publisher, of course, has a very large cost for reading material. He must pay and pay well for all the writers, the artists, the photographers and the editors whose combined talents give you a picture of Canada and of things and people Canadian.

Advertising is the lifeblood of a magazine. In order to provide you with reading material which will entertain, inform and interest, a magazine — like every communication medium — depends on advertising dollars. Under the terms of the "Canadian" edition arrangement, foreign magazines, because of their low costs, can offer bargain rates to advertisers and still enjoy a great cost advantage. An example of the abnormal profits resulting from these operations is indicated by figures published on the Reader's Digest. For the period 1950-60, Reader's Digest Association (Canada) Ltd., on a capital stock of $10,000, returned dividends totalling $5,880,000 to its parent company in Pleasantville, New York. What has happened to Canadian magazines? Since 1948, thirty one have folded.

A continuation of the present situation means that, quite soon, this country will have no national magazines.

Two successive Canadian governments, Liberal and Conservative, took or announced restrictive action and the recent Royal Commission on Publications, after hearing evidence from all points of view and from coast to coast, said:

"The right of Canadians to their own media of communication implies that they should not be served with merely a re-hash of editorial matter cheaply obtained from abroad and for re-use in this country. There can be no excuse for the re-publication in Canada of periodicals which are not much more than facsimiles of those abroad. Here is something which, whatever may be said of its ethics, does not benefit the public."

The Royal Commission recommendations, brought down last June, were studied in detail by the Government for many months. The original suggestions would have precluded advertisers from deducting, as a business expense, the full cost of advertising placed in "Canadian" editions. It was felt that, if fully implemented, this might have caused established Canadian editions such as those of Reader's Digest and Time to withdraw from the country. Out of consideration for the established position of such publications the Prime Minister announced a special concession. Advertisers would be permitted to deduct 50% of the cost of advertising placed in Canadian editions already being printed, or about to be printed, in Canada.

What does this mean to you as a Canadian and a magazine reader?

Contrary to the distortions and the fallacies which have been fanned throughout the country, it does not mean that you will fail to receive any magazine from any part of the world on your local newsstand in this country, or in your home (there is no tax or tariff on imported magazines); it does not mean that there is a threat to "freedom of the press." But it does mean that the publishing climate in this country has been cleared for the future, it does mean that it will be impractical for foreign publications to start "Canadian" editions. It means, too, that Canadian writers, artists and photographers will continue to have an outlet for an expression and development of their talents. Our magazines have already been called "the cradle of Canadian literature."

What do the Commission recommendations mean to Reader's Digest and to Time?

Certainly this country's magazine industry has no authority or right to predict. But we may assume, from impartial evidence, that their margin of profit is sufficient to permit them to remain in operation in this country. If they should choose to withdraw, it means that we shall be able to enjoy the original American editions of these magazines, as we do of Newsweek, Life, Saturday Evening Post, McCall's, Ladies' Home Journal and all the other leading American publications. Reader's Digest has loudly lamented the possible loss of employment to its employees. We believe such a loss is unlikely. But the unemployment which would result if Canadian magazines should fold would be far, far greater, not only in numbers of direct employees, but in terms of Canadian writers, artists, photographers and suppliers.

What does the promised Government action mean to Canadian magazines?

It means a chance to survive.

We believe it will take considerable time for homegrown publications to feel substantial benefits. But we believe that it is a good and necessary thing that advertising dollars spent to reach the domestic Canadian consumer will be encouraged to be spent in every phase of the Canadian communications industry.

And we believe that, by clearing the air, the long-term benefits will make it possible for new, genuinely Canadian magazines to start — for Canada to have new voices, both French and English, which will grow strong and vigorous with our nation.

C. F. Lawrence
President
Periodical Press Association
100 University Avenue, Toronto, Canada

Published for the information of Canadians by the Periodical Press Association.

February 16 parade in front of the White House with posters announcing their views, at Eugene, Oregon, the mayor proclaimed a Peace Week. In Iowa City there was a fifty-three minute "pause for peace"—one minute for each billion dollars in the defense budget.

One important development in the disarmament picture has been a fairly sharp reaction against the belligerent ultraconservatives — a reaction spearheaded by President Kennedy and former President Eisenhower. Then too, while the situation could change overnight, international tension has diminished a bit with Kennedy in the White House, Robert McNamara in the Pentagon, and Dean Rusk in the State Department. McNamara, the ablest administrator in the cabinet, is holding a tight rein on the brass hats who did so much loudmouthed talking in Eisenhower's last year as president. While this has led to charges of censorship, it has eliminated the embarrassment rash statements by generals and admirals used to cause U.S. diplomats in their dealings with their opposite numbers in Russia.

But what has done more to boost the chances of disarmament than anything else is the conclusion many Americans have reached that Khrushchev really wants disarmament, even though he rejects the inspection system proposed by the Americans and that he may be easier to deal with than whoever succeeds him.

Why is Khrushchev so adamantly against open inspection by an international disarmament authority? He looks on this as a form of espionage. Dr. Bethe, the Cornell physics professor, has a possible explanation. The U.S. is planning to put most of its missiles, especially Minutemen, into hardened underground silos that could withstand a blast of 100 pounds per square inch. A bomb explosion of ten megatons causes a blast of 100 psi at a distance of 1.3 miles. Thus if the missiles are placed three miles apart no two of them can be destroyed by the same ten megaton bomb. Bethe thinks the Russian missiles may be exposed and vulnerable, which would be a reason for them to shun inspection and that if they could be persuaded to put them in silos as the Americans are doing, then objection to open inspection might vanish. The only inspection they'd agreed on as this was written was a plan by which, if they scrapped weapons under a disarmament treaty, they'd let international authorities watch. As President Kennedy has emphasized, this would provide no clue to the size of the supply of weapons the Russians had left.

There's an alternative inspection scheme proposed by a group of Cyrus Eaton's Pugwash thinkers. Under this a country would be divided into sections and the inspection squad would merely examine one or two sections picked at random. This would, in effect, be a sampling like that taken in a public opinion poll.

But even if the knotty question of inspection can be solved, is U.S. disarmament politically feasible?

The answer is vague. Americans would hesitate to disarm unless China did—and the Chinese don't speak. The Benoit panel suggests that disarmament be undertaken gradually between now and 1972, and that it be offset by higher government spending in other fields notably space exploration. Space vehicles could be produced in the place of missiles. The panel added that, at least in theory, the slack in employment could be taken up by a reduction in working hours, an increase in the length of vacations, a reduction in the average age of retirement, a rise in the average age at which young people look for jobs.

Whatever happens is unlikely to happen for a while because such large problems are involved and because there is bound to be a vast amount of political manoeuvering. But the changes for disarmament are better now than they were a year ago. ★

PARADE

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Chaotic times in Seal Island, B.C., as revealed by a hand-written note picked up in a residential section:



All We are still all mixed up
I didn't mean that you owed me 20c — I just meant that you shortchanged me 20c the day before. So — I left out 25c yesterday, and you owed me 20c, which made 45c — then I got milk for 37c — so you only owe me 8c — so now I owe you 12c. O.K.?

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I.O.U.	12c
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Why Vietnam is paradise for our diplomat smugglers

North Vietnam is a dreary little communist citadel that is short of just about everything. South Vietnam is a beneficiary of U.S. aid and just about everything is for sale in its bustling capital Saigon. This is a situation made for smuggling. Last month Prime Minister Diefenbaker announced that nine Canadians had been discovered doing just that. They were part of the 87-man Canadian contingent (75 military, 12 from External Affairs) on the International Control Commission — India and Poland also contribute personnel — that investigates infractions of the truce agreement. The Canadians had been caught smuggling gold and opium between the two countries. The Department of National Defence is now conducting an investigation to find out if more Canadians have become part-time smugglers. To find out why so many men with otherwise honorable records have become involved in dishonest activities, Maclean's interviewed Richard "Buck" Walker, a former major in the Canadian army who served as a deputy secretary general of the International Control Commission in 1956 and 1957. This is how he explains the smuggling:

Members of the Commission's staff back and forth between North and South Vietnam on chartered planes with full diplomatic immunity for themselves and their luggage. An ambitious officer can run an investment of $100 into $40,000, making only three or four trips between north and south during his one-year tour of duty. And often the smuggling has a touch of humanitarianism in it.

"The first person to approach me to smuggle was an elderly Chinese businessman who had become friendly with Canadians serving in the North Vietnamese capital of Hanoi. His business had been taken over by the communists, but like many businessmen he had foreseen the take-over and converted his wealth into gold and diamonds. He wanted me to take $50,000 worth of gold leaf — it comes in booklets about the size of a package of cigarettes — to Saigon and sell it. I was deported to a Hong Kong bank. I was to keep 25 percent of the money and the rest was to be used by one of the old gentleman's sons — provided of course that his father could get him safely out of North Vietnam.

"I had to turn my friend down but I doubt if he had much trouble finding someone to help him. I never actually knew any part-time smugglers, but I did hear that several of the Indian officers and some of the Canadians were carrying contraband in their personal baggage. The Poles, being detested communists, remained aloof from everything — including smuggling. But for those who did carry things between North and South Vietnam, the profits were incredible.

"In Saigon the smuggler loads up with certain luxury items like cameras, watches and penicillin ointment, which the Vietnamese value highly, and in Hanoi exchanges his goods for gold leaf at a 400 percent profit. Back in Saigon he can sell the gold leaf for American dollars and make another 100 percent.

"As for narcotics, the profits were high but so were the risks. The governments of both north and south were trying to stamp out addiction and a narcotics conviction usually resulted in death for drug trafficking. To smuggle opium members of the force in would have to work with the crews of the chartered airlines that carried them between the two countries.

"How many Canadians actually became involved in the smuggling? Of the 870 Canadians who have served in Vietnam since 1954, I would estimate that less than two percent carried goods illegally between north and south. Most of the Canadians did their jobs well and earned the highest respect of the communists and the South Vietnamese. But there were always a few who couldn't resist the temptation to become rich almost overnight."

FOOTNOTES

About cosmetics. The companies that make them are generally business giants who market their products with a gush of high-powered advertising. One small newcomer in the field is a 28-year-old former model from Montreal who calls herself Eve Adrian. She thinks she



can beat the older firms with a new gimmick — personal service. Customers at her plush perfumery in Toronto can have their features and skin analyzed to determine what powders and creams will do them the most good, and they can attend — for $25 — a six-lesson course in how to put make-up on. "Canadian women spend less time on their faces than any women in the world," Adrian says. "Some people ask me why I want to get into such a highly competitive business. It's like asking a girl why she wants to marry an ogre who's already had three wives. She always thinks she can reform him."

About early graying of the hair (it seems to indicate a predisposition to coronary disease, according to a study of 10,000 patients by Dr. H. Z. Pomerantz of Montreal). Other signs are large wrists (eight inches or more in circumference) and ear lobes (a condition marked by an opaque ring at the edge of the cornea).

About the sexes. The town council of St. Leonard-d'Aston, Que., has enacted a bill decreeing that women shall not henceforth be allowed to vote in municipal elections. Men, however, will continue to have the right to cast their ballots.

How government husband hunters make the catch

Somewhere in Ontario there is a little town with 238 people many of whom left their wives, moved in successively with two other women, fathered a total of nine children and vanished when he was found living with one of his informal mothers-in-law. Investigators are still trying to track him, aided by a dossier which lists his other hobbies as "drink and gambling."

If they find him an effort will be made to bring about a reconciliation with his wife. Failing that, social workers will try to persuade him to contribute to the support of his children. If he refuses, he will be brought to court, where he can be ordered to pay up to $20 a week toward the maintenance of each child born in or out of wedlock.

This runaway husband is one of the more spectacular cases on the rolls of the Ontario department of public welfare which last year paid the deserted mothers allowance to 835 women with 2,972 children. Another 1,600 deserted families collected direct relief from municipalities. Desertions occurred in 10 percent of the provinces public assistance cases and James Bend, deputy minister of welfare, estimates that it costs nearly $5,000,000 a year to maintain families abandoned by their wage earners.

Band calls desertion "the poor man's divorce." Like icebergs, most of them remain out of sight; officials believe that for every case reported to welfare agencies, four are unheard-of. They estimate the number of deserted families in Ontario last year at 14,000. There were 2,800 divorces.

Of the desertions that do result in welfare claims authorities say that 10 percent are fraudulent — faked by husband and wife so that she can collect an allowance. To control these frauds as well as to track down genuine deserters, the Ontario department last summer formed a special investigation unit. Its sleuths, five men and three women, have discovered more than 150 rigged desertions, including such cases as these:

▶ The wife who threw a deserted mother's allowance, needed an alibi while her husband commuted to live at home under his real name. Charged with false pretences, she was placed on probation and ordered to repay the $1,134 she had collected.

▶ The husband who posed as a boarder while his wife insisted he had skipped out.

▶ The "deserted" wife who used the welfare money to supplement her priest husband's $6,500 annual salary.

Band says the cost of the investigation unit, about $15,000 a year, is repaid tenfold in extra taxpayers by eliminating frauds and in deposit payments squeezed from unwary husbands. Each case referred from the welfare rolls means an average saving of $115 a month.

The trackers' statistics indicate that the main most likely to leave his family has been married 10 years at 40 years old and is awaiting the birth of a third child. The third one seems too many to support. There are few desertions among church-going families and fewer among immigrants than among native-born Canadians. Desertion is more common in good times than in bad.

Most deserters say they can't cope, escape a clattering wife and a sloppy home. One man, bright and neat by a fiendishly abusive spouse, suggested another reason. Her main description, he told the judge, "I'm a refugee."

PROFILE: Montreal's newsstand language centre

At the Greek restaurant next to his Murray Hill newsstand they call Dave Renko "Citizen of Countrymen" across the street of the Hungarian Pen Pals. But Dave, a regular Magyar in fact, he was born in a camp in Europe that belonged in his youth to both Russia and Rumania, but he speaks 11 languages fluently. Foci others passably and he learned most of them in Canada chiefly at the St. Catherine Street kiosk where he spends 12 hours a day. As he peddles papers in the city's polyglot espresso here he practises his skill guessing a prospect's nationality and stating his language to it. His guesses are rarely wrong. When I get a new customer who speak Italian I speak to him in Italian if I don't know his language," I learn it," Dave explains.

The latest language he has learned and one of the most difficult is Hebrew, which he took quick [illegible] it relief to certain [illegible] except Finnish. Dave says it takes him [illegible] to become reasonably fluent in a language and much longer to learn it perfectly. He studies inside his kiosk in slack moments, using magazines rather than language texts as his chief study aids. A member of the Mexican consulate staff regularly brings him old Spanish publications. Conversation with his customers helps too.

A short man with a gentle manner and a limp that's a memento of malnutrition in his youth, Dave came to Canada in 1923 when he was 21. He had had three years of schooling and knew no English but he could get along in Russian, Romanian, Hebrew and French, all of which were spoken in the area where he grew up. English looked like Chinese to me — I thought I'd never learn," he says. He picked it up [illegible] with practice.

Dave thinks he might have made more practical use of his linguistic gift if he had stayed in Europe. In Montreal the U.S. consulate has used him as an interpreter and police on the Stanley St.-Cathcrine corner sometimes ask for help when an immigrant [illegible] alone. He has painted a card which announces that he is an interpreter for English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Russian, Rumanian, Greek and other languages. But except on long winter days, Dave sees nothing wrong with the news-stand business. It gives him independence and time to study languages. He would like to learn Arabic which he thinks would be easy because of his knowledge of Hebrew. At the moment though he's studying Chinese.

How to win the '62 election: catch the floating vote

"There's so much disenchantment with all political parties in Canada these days that anybody who can get himself organized on a local basis and who's willing to work hard can probably get himself elected as an Independent," said Premier Duff Roblin of Manitoba last week. Winnipeg, which is currently in both political and economic ferment, may become the first Canadian city to elect a complete slate of Independents to its municipal council.

Roblin's observation is typical of the mood of political pundits across the country as they survey the political scene in preparation for the next federal election. Everyone is convinced that the next election will be a close one, and that the party which can attract the votes of the largest number of floating voters will win the election.

Floating voters are those who do not support any political party with any degree of consistency. They are the people who switch their votes from election to election, depending on the issues of the day, the personalities involved and the impact of the campaign itself.

Recent research by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion indicates that the number of undecided voters has been rising steadily during the past twelve months. Nearly one third of Canadians now declare them selves to be in this group, compared with only 23 per cent a year ago. The typical undecided voter, according to the survey, is a woman over fifty years of age with little education and in the lower income group who lives in or near one of Ontario's larger urban centres.

A Gallup Poll breakdown supplied especially to Maclean's shows that only four percent in the undecided group have a university education, less than one percent have annual incomes of $10,000 or more. About a third are over fifty, 54 percent are women. Only 13 percent of Canadian farmers haven't yet chosen their party affiliations, but 41 percent of the floating vote live in the large cities of our industrial Ontario and Quebec. In fact the number of uncertain voters in the national average of 31 percent is the highest since the Gallup Poll started investigating election voting habits in 1945. In those Ontario residents in the undecided group who voted last time, two thirds cast their ballots for John Diefenbaker and the Tories.

No one can be certain, but it seems reasonable to assume that a great number of the undecided voters may be found among those casting their ballots for the first time. Of the approximately two million eligible voters to the next election, brand new electors will include the roughly one million Canadians who've come of age since the last election, the quarter million immigrants who have received their citizenship papers since 1958, and the 200,000 Indians on reserves who whose franchise has been extended by the present government.

All these groups have been courted by the national parties, none more strenuously than the new Conservative Prime Minister Diefenbaker, who has been particularly active in soliciting the newcomers' votes. Although Opposition Leader Mike Pearson is pleading to step up his election campaign sharply before polling day, but there is increasing evidence that like the older Canadians, many of the postwar immigrants are becoming disillusioned by both the old line parties. After the ethnic editors conference in Ottawa last fall, the editor of the Ukrainian *Novy Shlyakh* (The New Pathway) — Winnipeg's only Ukrainian-language daily — wrote, "We have learned many lessons during 1961 that will stand us in good stead in the future. They will not keep plumming or tweet basements in order that we might be good boys. We have grown out of the school desk."

It is impossible to get any meaningful indication of the political feelings among the men and women who have passed their twenty first birthdays since 1958 but the majority of those who are in Canadian universities seem to favor the Liberal party. The Liberals have won seven consecutive elections in the past year. The Conservatives five, and the NDP two. The Liberals are currently campaigning this upswing of youthful interest by conducting private surveys to tap metropolitan enthusiasm for the party. The main interests and problems of the young voters.

The Conservatives have been successful in doubling the number of Young Progressive Conservative Clubs in the country during the past four years, while the NDP bases much of its optimism about gaining the vote of young people on a survey of the Peterborough by-election won by Walter Pitman in October 1960. It showed that more than 80 percent of the voters in the 21-30 age group supported the 32-year-old Pitman.

In planning their campaigns the strategists of the national parties naturally don't ignore the *decided* vote — that more of Canadian voters who would not sidle in Diefenbaker's train against their party regardless of the quality of its local candidate or the personality of its national leader. This is not to say that they believe most Canadians always must their votes the same way in every election. But there is in this country a straight party-line vote which has shown remarkable, statistical stability.

The Liberals were able to maintain themselves in power so long because they went into each election with about 40 percent of the popular vote. Then in 1949 they jumped from 42 percent to 49 percent. In 1953 from 43 percent to 50 percent. John Diefenbaker's great accomplishment of the 1957 campaign was to recall that seven percent group from the Liberals (the Tories went into the campaign with about 31 percent and ended up with 38 percent). Strategists of all the parties agree that it's the ability to capture the seven percent of the undecided coin driving the actual campaign that determines the results of the election. Although the 1958 contest was a landslide and the shift of the vote during the campaign didn't change the results, even the 62 percent title almost held true. The Tories went into the campaign with 46 percent of the vote and ended with 54 percent.

Conservative strategist pointed out that despite the government's declining popularity in the past two years as reflected in the Gallup polls the percentage of its appeal hasn't dipped below the 38 percent which anno proved sufficient to form a forty administration. Over all percentages of the popular vote don't of course determine the party that forms the government. Everything depends on the distribution of the vote. In the 1926 election, for example, the Conservatives got 200,138 votes to the three percent provinces and seated only one MP, the Liberals (who had redesigned constituency boundaries in the 1924 redistribution) received 200,542 votes but elected 23 members.

Although the 1958 election put 208 Tory MPs into the House of Commons — the largest group that any political party has elected to Canadian history — it's a majority that rests on an uneasy one. A shift of about 200,000 votes, properly distributed could destroy the government's majority.

Under the kind of theoretical redistribution of the ballots it would only take one voter in forty-nine swinging from the Conservative to the Liberal party in the next election to bring down the government.

Voting patterns don't of course behave in a manner so ideally suited to any one party, but this kind of traditional analysis does show that the Tory advantage isn't quite as impregnable as it appears. About eighty of the Conservative seats in 1958 were won with margins of less than four thousand votes. The margins were narrower in Quebec where half of the PC's fifty members came to win margins of less than two thousand votes.

Except for the 1953 election, when only 67 percent of those eligible voted, the Liberals' victories in the five elections between 1935 and 1953 were based on a 75 percent formula of the voters' John Diefenbaker's 1958 triumph raised political interest to such a pitch that 79 percent turned out to vote. No Canadian before him was able to rival so much interest in politics from a group generally inclined to drink and distrust politicians. The moral seems obvious. The man who during the forthcoming campaign can project the image of rising above party politics will become the next prime minister of Canada.



The typical undecided voter is an uneducated woman of low income over 50

Why the bookies say there'll always be an England

"The English are wonderful gamblers. They are always well behaved and keep a poker face but you can never tell what is going on inside." The speaker was John Mills, a Pole who came to England during the war and who now runs Les Ambassadeurs gambling club in London's Hamilton Place. With his publicity man Lord Kimberley he was showing the press around his new *chemin de fer* playroom. Her club in a mansion built by the Rothschilds in 1868, is one of the world's most elegant. Club members pay up to $30 to play each "shoe" of chemmy and the maximum stake is stated to be $400.

Crockford's, the famous gambling club established in London's West End in 1827, recently raised nearly half a million dollars in redecorate and refurnish the club to provide *chemin de fer* to perfect surroundings under profit management. That involved hiring a complete chemmy staff from the Casino de la Forêt at Le Touquet. Crockford's membership stands at nine thousand and the club cleared $100,000 last year from its card games alone.

These are only two of the more exotic ramifications of how Britain's controversial Betting and Gaming Act, after its first session, application is giving gambling to England as anything goes' atmosphere.

Though it is no doubt the most decorous mania to furiously thereof, also no doubt that the English are gambling mad. The psychologists have a glib explanation — the average Englishman is so reserved they say, that he must bust out some place. Hell stood in queues, suffer endless harassment by minor bureaucrats, swallow atrocious food without complaint but in his own mind he's a dashing, adventurer who'll risk his shirt on the turn of a card. His character is so involved that he actually gets a certain satisfaction out of losing money.

Betting at the flicks

His indulgent government gives him plenty of scope. John Bull and his wife can bet in complete legality from their own boardroom on horseracing, dog racing, football matches, Wimbledon tennis boys, and even the Oxford-Cambridge boat race. In village halls and disused movie houses up and down the island they crowd in their hundreds of thousands to play bingo, or the new game of movie racing. This last novelty is nothing, on fast Fridays pay an entrance fee at the hall door and a member of the audience is invited to pick the stage to choose a movie. Then an undisclosed reel of film roll is put on a projector and three or four reels of a rare film say an Elizabeth or Rhodes Scholars' race. The horses' names and riders are obliterated — only the saddle numbers stood. A simplified pari-mutuel is set up and patrons can bank their tickets. Then they settle down to watch the race, rooting home their favorites like the crowd at any track.

While the Canadian government is doing its best to blank circo the temptation, lately that Quebec Premier Lesage wants to rule the government here entice the citizens into buying savings bonds with prizes of $15,000. No skill required — you just have to be lucky enough to have bought the bond bearing the number coughed out each month by an electronic computer nationally known as "Ernie."

It is impossible to state accurately how much money is gambled in the British each year. Some estimates run over two billion dollars, that's roughly the yearly cost of the entire national health service. Unfortunately the largest of the several dozen football pool promoters handled $160 million last year and William Hill (Park Lane) Ltd., who charmingly call themselves the world's biggest bookies, expect a turnover of about $105 million this year.

Bill himself is a fascinating example of how a man can rise from rags to rich respectability in modern England by taking the odds in his Piccadilly office surrounded by photos of Derby winners and framed cheques that recall historic payouts. I listened to the Bill Hill saga. At twelve he was a farm boy in Warwickshire, at thirty-odd a wack at fifteen an apprentice toolmaker at the Birmingham small arms company at one dollar a week. At eighteen he was hiking, heir from his workmates. Now at 58 he is a multimillionaire controlling Hunkoss Limousin in the West Indies, two thousand acres farm in Hampshire, a stud farm in Wiltshire, a town house in Kensington. His is an important horse breeder and owner — he bred Nimbus (the 1949 Derby winner) and won the St. Leger with his mare Cooyah (no yours ign).

Bill's often in on a million dollars worth of betting in a week — much more in the peak weeks of the Derby and the Grand National. In the week ending September 9 last year that paid out a record three, and a half million dollars. Bill Hill himself only accepted a bet of eighty thousand pounds (nothing to ten thousand (and won't bet the minor business today at with the smaller punter.

It's easy to establish a line of credit with Hills — or with any of Britain's ten thousand licensed bookmakers. The usual credit is for fifteen dollars worth of bets. Hills have their own telephone exchange with 300 lines and I was told that just before the start of any big race that's being televised the switchboard is manned. Many of the phone bettors are women. Hills estimate that 37 percent of their clients are women.

From forty dollars a week city clerks to the rich known as racing men. The profits from the pari-mutuel system at betting at the tracks but the big majority lies up at the four dollar up windows all the same. Betting, nobody will recognize them. Three openly admire the brass (bars) and bookies who flourish the odds in their long and relatively tidy with hand stories of help, coups by backers (other who had a good thing going.

Bookies scorn the pools

The bookmakers for their part scorn the weekly football pools. This British institution is the gambling interest of the country. It's long, unadapted midweek result in several million British homes. The neat crosses are inked in the football coupons that flood into the mailbox and off they go with a crossed postal notes. The promoters dangle the richest stakes but all different work a bottom mint between the sunk it could be so. Into the pools also illustrate another facet of the national inhibitions: these people invest in multinational wizards. I have had the coupon explained to on a dozen times but still find them hopelessly bewildering. I don't know a treble chance from a nothing barred. But old age pensioners and schoolgirls have do. And they are the most fortunate systems to sell on the basis that will win loss or draw.

One man recently won nearly $300,000 by polling. Irene Ring the number of a tribe of bar hinnin bingo set. He was tripped by Mr. Cool Mr. Norman Cops of Barrett Street Oxford. They allowed their eighteen month old son Paul to take stabs at the coupon with a painted pencil. He came up with eight draws in a line that cost half a cent and the Copes' good paid out almost $330,000.

One of William Hill's executives put it on my way. "Look all the bookmakers' figures can be checked. We're born investors. Our personal wagered money in the punter. The people return thirty three and a third. The gaming machine's mother third in taxes from the pools and the promoters take the rest for running expenses and profit. What sort of a gamble is that?" Hills and many other bookies are in the football business also — they offer fixed odds betting. On their coupon they pick six to one, you can't name five teams that will win no their home grounds and all a normal Saturday's fifty four games. They'll give you risky to-one for three draws.

The United Church of Canada is dead against lotteries because, I and I ignore the Montreal Presbytery, they tend to form a false philosophy of life, and to promote the idea of getting something for nothing. It seems that Canadian governments listen to the voice from the pulpit. Here the churches Council on Gambling holds that many general classes but the government favors a dead ear. The Council is mainly "A sense of social unease. It growing, in the general mind of society. Bringing resistance to more and more individuals who become increasingly sensitive to any restriction of their means."

The English churchmen may well be right but that sense of social unease must have been around for a long time. One of the earliest acts that was amended by the last years' batting, bill was dated 1541. Looking back over gaming legislation of the last two hundred years a pattern emerges: every decade or so the government is forced to take, to other liberalizing steps to acknowledging that the people love to gamble and that they'll keep no gambling or matter what Lord Kimberley at Les Ambassadeurs. It is but natural now that chemin de fer is legal in a club. "The English lived to gamble abroad or in London when it was illegal here," he said. "They'll ever will either go like bomb or not at all."

Perhaps the most interesting aspect of gambling in Britain — certainly the most fascinating aspect for foreigners — is that the world does not know an underworld or Mafia-type organization. It might be unfair but it must be described in fiction or Americans as a gambler is unlikely to be connected socially discernible. The opposite can be true. There is a definite identification for the well-connected playboy. He is — often in the best clubs — such as Bucks (the favorite eat-in of Prime Minister Macmillan). When Captain James Fox, the brilliant politician who did his best to save the Austin-Rover dollars at the table in one night — everyone thought that one hill of a man. Today John Stanley, nineteenth Earl of Derby is a leviathan punter. His word — gambling has charm.


In the [illegible] Rhodes

The unclosed case of Toronto's $100,000 Tintoretto

Three years ago the Art Gallery of Toronto did decide to buy a picture by Tintoretto. The Renaissance Venetian artist, but the picture's price—about $100,000—was beyond the gallery's means. To raise the money the gallery "sold" enough squints of the picture—it encloses 61 inches by 160 inches—to Toronto citizens for $10 a square. Thousands of Torontonians thereafter own a piece of Tintoretto's Christ Washing The Feet Of His Disciples. Now it appears they could be shareholders in a fake.

Martin Baldwin, who is now retired but was director of the gallery at the time of the purchase, has been given $1,000 by the Canada Council to go to Europe and investigate the pedigree of Tintoretto's Tintoretto and two other pictures. Madrid has another Tintoretto with the same title and general design and three other pictures see the same theme are attributed to Tintoretto. The controversy over the Toronto picture was started by Kenneth Luthes, a founding member of the Ontario Institute of Painters. Christ Washing The Feet Of His Disciples, said Luthes, is the work of one of the master's disciples, a clever copy by a contemporary imitator or a latter day fraud.

Forbes is mistaken, say officials of the Toronto gallery. True Renaissance masters often let disciples do some of the work on their paintings but the Toronto Tintoretto has several sections that are supposed to show the hand of the master. Not only that. Behind Baldwin's back the supreme authority on Renaissance art pronounced their picture genuine after viewing photographs.

But so many other critics questioned the picture's pedigree that one official of the gallery suggested bringing Berenson from Italy to Toronto so he could inspect their painting again. Unfortunately Berenson was too ill to travel and he died a short time later. New other critics point out these differences between Toronto's Christ Washing The Feet Of His Disciples and the picture undoubtedly by Tintoretto that hangs in the Prado in Madrid. The Toronto picture is smaller, its perspective is shallower, its background is cluttered and its light flat—a favorite device of Tintoretto for capturing the spectator's attention—is of a different design from the picture in the Prado.

Another thing that worries art critics in the history of the Toronto picture. Although Tintoretto is supposed to have painted both pictures around 1540, the Toronto picture did not turn up until about 75 years ago when it was found in the collection of Lord Farnham in County Cavan, Ireland. It was from the Farnham collection that the Toronto gallery purchased the picture and the deal was arranged through a reputable London art dealer. Dr. William Dale, assistant director of the National Gallery in Ottawa and former curator of the Art Gallery of Toronto, says: "On the basis of photographs I wasn't too happy with the picture we were getting. But when I went to Europe and saw both pictures close up one after the other I got a completely different conception."

Baldwin insists there is no doubt about the genuineness of the Toronto picture. His job will be only to trace its history. "I plan to start in London," he says. "From there I will go wherever the trail leads."

The many one-night stands of a piano prizewinner

When Marek Jablonski, 22, won top honors in Jeunesses Musicales' first national music competition, his prize turned out to be an endurance contest. Since last July he has made three concert tours and given 100 performances, 15 as soloist with symphony orchestras, several on TV and radio, and the rest before youthful members of Jeunesses Musicales in Canada (there are 60,000 of them across the country). From Jan. 8 to April 2 alone he played 75 one-night stands for JM members in Ontario and Quebec. Ahead of him he has recital debuts in major cities of his choosing, some 28 concerts in France and all more appearances for Jeunesses Musicales in Quebec and the Maritimes. At the end of it all he will have collected some $10,000 in fees—all part of the prize.

But far more important than cash benefits is the professional experience that Jeunesses Musicales rugged schedule gives a young musician. "You learn what to play, what not to play and how to size up a piano," says Jablonski. "When you're a soloist and have an important concert coming up, you spend hours getting used to the piano. On this kind of tour you learn to get used to the piano fast."



Jeunesses Musicales' first annual competition was for pianists. This year's to be held from June 27 to July 8, is for string players, and next year's will be for singers. The organization, which has been bringing classical music to young Canadians since 1949, said has as its basic aim the promotion of the careers of young musicians, asks of its prospective competitors sufficiently prepared to begin professional careers as soloists. Last year eleven applicants were selected to perform at JM's newly built concert hall in Mount Orford provincial park, and Jablonski won the judges' unanimous verdict.

Critical comment to date confirms the choice. Writing of his appearance with the Montreal Symphony Orchestra in November, Frances Gelman said in the Gazette: "All serious young musicians today have excellent technique, but Jablonski has something more—the touch." Eric McLean said in the Montreal Star: "Jablonski is the most important musician this country has produced since Glenn Gould." Gilles Lefebvre, founder of Jeunesses Musicales, is convinced Jablonski is a pianist of world stature.

Jablonski, whose grandfather was French Canadian, was born in Poland. His father served with the British forces during the war, and the family came to Canada when Marek was eleven. He studied in Edmonton and Calgary, and later at the Juilliard School in New York with Rosina Lhevinne, whom he describes as belonging to the grand old Russian school of technique. Jablonski's own style is in the romantic tradition of Poles like Josef Hofmann and Paderewski. He feels that last summer's victory, and the strenuous months since, have been invaluable to him. "Before I did these 100 concerts I was in the gray," he says. "Not in the dark, but in the gray. This year he's been a great help in clarifying all my musical ideas."

DOROTHY LIMA

MOVIES: Clyde Gilmour

The return of Blue Boy

STATE FAIR. Tom Ewell, one of the homeliest and most likable actors in Hollywood, does his best to save the day in this third screen edition of Phil Stong's lucrative novel. His role—played by Will Rogers in 1932 and by Charles Winninger in 1945—is that of a farmer who exhibits a prize hog named Blue Boy while his son (Pat Boone) and daughter (Pamela Tiffin) are experiencing the bittersweet pangs of summer romances at the fair. The story has been updated and unaccountably shifted from Stong's Iowa to Texas, but the handling of the musical numbers is stodgy and old-fashioned.



LA BELLE AMERICAINE. A fast and rollicking comedy from France. The title role "character" is not a girl but a car—a lavish Detroit convertible which fantastically complicates the life of its new owner (Robert Dhery) a humble factory hand in Paris.

FLIGHT IN THE PIAZZA. Scrapbutch in theme but elegant in style is this romantic drama about a beautiful American tourist (Yvette Mimieux) whose evident Italian adventures don't suspect that her permanent mental age is 10. Her mother (Olivia de Havilland) must decide whether this chilling fact should be concealed from the Florentine playboy (George Hamilton) who has marriage on his mind.

ROME ADVENTURE. Photogenic Italy gets another travelogue treatment. The scenic glories surpass the shallow story and the corny dialogue given to Troy Donahue and Suzanne Pleshette.

And these are worth seeing:
The Day the Fourth Caught Hell
The Innocents
Lover Come Back
One Two Three
Only Two Can Play
The Outsider

One Stanley Cup record the fans are going to break: cash in the till

For the four top teams in the National Hockey League this is the year when playoff spells payoff. Everywhere they're tuned in the last two weeks—in Montreal, Toronto, New York and Chicago—the owners have been selling out and heard the swish of folding money as it cascaded into cash boxes. Whatever team skips the champagne from the Stanley Cup, the owners will be able to pick up the tab.

This is a record year because all the playoff clubs, giving a variety of reasons, raised their prices. In Chicago owner Jim Norris was heard to say that it was time hockey operated like a big-time sport at the box office as baseball does with the World Series. To Norris this hike is an all-around 33 per cent increase in seat prices throughout the huge Stadium. The feeling in New York was that hockey at Madison Square Garden ought to have the class of the Broadway theatre. The extra cost of close was a dollar apiece for nearly 10,000 downstairs seats up to a $6 top and fifty cents a seat for 6,000 gallery jobs.

In Toronto, where the increase was a dollar a seat throughout Maple Leaf Gardens, vice president Harold E. Ballard felt compelled to hold a press conference and explain that the boost was demanded in part by an increase in the players' share of the gate. The players of the four clubs will get a total increase of $36,000, and the owners will be able to manage this without undue strain.

An average increase of a dollar a seat for an average of 15,000 seats in each of the four clubs works out obviously to $15,000 a game. Since there must be a minimum of 12 playoff games and a possible maximum of 21 games if the semifinal and final series all went the full seven games the owners could count on an *increased* box office income of between $180,000 and $375,000.

Gross figures? Well, on an average of $3 per ticket, which seems conservative in view of the $5.50 to $7.50 top prices in the four arenas, the clubs will bank at least $540,000 for the minimum of 12 games, or $945,000 for the maximum of 21. From this pile the players take in $189,000 distributed in this fashion. The four teams in the playoffs first collected $54,000 with the league leading Canadiens taking the biggest share. They got $27,000, or $1,500 per man on an 18-man roster. Then in the semifinals, each winning team player earned $1,500 and each losing team player $750.

In the Stanley Cup final there's a difference of $1,000 per player between winning and losing. The winners get $2,000 per man and the losers $1,000. The owners keep the rest.

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